THE CANADIAN

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MAY, 1880.

THE REV. GEORGE R. SANDERSON, D.D.

BY JOHN CARROLL, D.D.

It cannot be said that we have been too eager or hasty in presenting some account to our readers of the highly respectable and presentable elderly clergyman whose name and portrait stand connected with this article—a minister who, during the forty-three years of his public life, has filled every position in the ministry, from that of Chairman's supply on a circuit, probationary preacher, and superintendent, up to Chairman of District, Editor of the *Guardian*, Secretary of Conference, Book-Steward, President's Co-delegate, President of an Annual Conference, and Senior Representative to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States.

Dr. Sanderson is, we believe, of English parents, as he is of English build, born in the town of Kingston, somewhere about 1817, religiously trained in the British Wesleyan congregation and Sunday-school, and converted in the same place under the ministry of Rev. Dr. Stinson, a gentleman whom he somewhat resembled in complexion, physical make, voice, and style of preaching. This event took place soon after the union of the British Missions with the Canada Conference, to which latter body Mr. Sanderson has steadfastly clung through all the changes that have since taken place.

His early opportunities for home education were good. To these he added the benefits of academic training about the time he began to labour as a local preacher. He was one of the first

students who entered the Upper Canada Academy, which constituted the nucleus out of which Victoria University has been developed; and the very first one who went out from its halls into the itinerant ministry. His going out as a chairman's supply, one year before his formal reception on trial, was at the Conference of 1836; and his introduction into the work was under circumstances which entitle him to rank among the pioneer preachers. He was first sent to the extensive boundaries, miry roads, and miasmatic atmosphere of the old Thames Circuit; and received a fitting seasoning for its toils by a ride on horseback, heavily laden with luggage from Kingston to Chatham. In the course of this journey the writer first met him, and admired the pluck and heroism of the boy of twenty. His light complexion and beardless chin made him look certainly very youthful.

His constitutional build was very compact, and proved very enduring. We never heard of his being ill or off work. Cornish's invaluable Hand-Book shows that his circuits, before becoming Editor, after the Thames Circuit, were Newmarket, Stamford (twice), Hamilton, St. Catharines, and Toronto. His first editorial incumbency included the space of five years. Then followed Cobourg Circuit, three years, with the chairmanship of the district; thence back to Toronto as Book-Steward, four years. His resumed pastorate comprised London, Port Hope, Picton, Belleville, and Kingston, chairman also every year but one. Since then have followed a return to the pastorate in his old stations, St. Catharines and London, in which latter city he now is, in both cases with the district in charge.

The Doctor is studious and scholarly, with literary tastes. As a preacher he is eloquent and wearable. He is also successful as a pastor and administrator. He wins souls and takes care of them. Unlike some, "he brings forth fruit in old age." He has not been without a revival on his charge a single year for the last twenty years. We scarcely know a man of his age, amidst the rage for young men, who continues so popular as both preacher and pastor. He has not been without difficult positions to keep, and has had his trials; yet he has proved faithful to his trust, and has usually triumphed. He is self-contained, manly, and enduring, and has never failed in a connexional trust. Indeed, he is decidedly a connexional man. A person who knows

him well says of him, "He is one of the oldest and warmest friends of Victoria College; and his relation to the District Scholarship scheme will be an honour to him, as well as a substantial advantage to the University in years to come. He had no small share in the preparation of the Constitution, and in the organization of the Children's Fund, whilst the interests of the Superannuation Fund, of which for many years he has been the Secretary, have been strenuously promoted by him."

We have very little more to say; indeed, it would be very difficult to find terms in which to express any higher praise than we have given. Though slow in doing it, his *alma mater* honoured him with the merited degree of Doctor in Divinity in 1876. Humanly speaking, our friend bids fair to make his varied attainments serviceable to the Church for at least another ten years. May it be even so! It must be a satisfaction to him as a father that his son is taking up the ministry of the Word also with great promise of success.

BE STILL.

BY ROBERT EVANS.

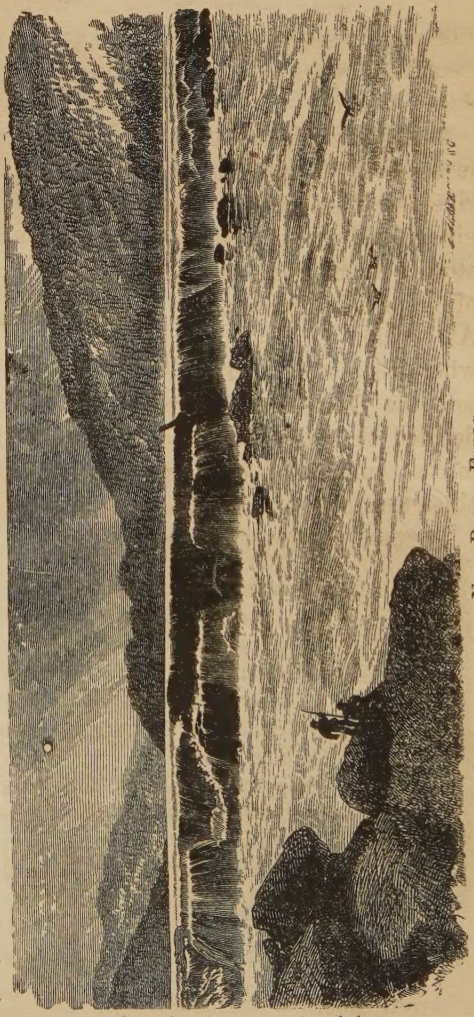
REST, troubled soul, be still and only wait;
Why would'st thou wrestle with a raging sea?
Thou can'st not smooth a ripple on its way.
Can'st thou contend with tempests dark as fate,
Or chain the ocean's billows at their height?
Thou hast no might, let this be all thy plea,
Then meekly wait and humbly bend the knee.
He only can control who did create.
Be still, and thou shalt know that He is God,
His eye intent beholds the sparrow fall,
Heaven's star-eyed vault shall tremble at His nod,
And thou shalt hear thy name when He doth call,
And smile at storms; be still, and sweetly rest
Thy feverish spirit pillowed on His breast.

MOUNTAIN TRAVEL IN VIRGINIA.

II.

THE picturesque and graceful views of the Greenbrier Valley gradually change to scenery of bolder and rougher characteristics; and lower down the New River gorge to the wild grandeur of the canyons.

For several miles the river views from the rear platform of the car present a pleasing contrast of rock, cliff, and river ripple, of wooded slopes and graceful hill outlines —the river almost imperceptibly narrowing its width. Above Hinton the low water width of New River exceeds one thousand feet. Forty-five miles below, and with many intermediate affluents, that width is reduced to seventy-five feet and less, and with no increased depth or velocity of current sufficient to explain this great change of water section. The boulders around suggest the character of the river-bed. Duly considering this, let the thinking traveller study out a problem not yet determined by the best authorities.



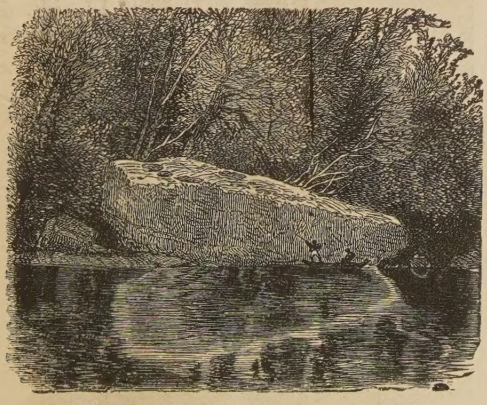
NEW RIVER FALLS.

Seven miles west of Hinton it suddenly plunges over the New

River Falls. For a river of this width, the word "cascade" is certainly a misnomer. Yet with a vertical fall of but twenty-four feet, the more pretentious word "cataract" magnifies. Words aside, this water-fall is most pleasingly remembered among the charmingly beautiful views of this favoured and much admired route for the tourist; and no less, before railroad times, by the genial followers of old Izaak Walton.

Indian Grave-Mound, near St. Albans.

The great Kanawha is one of the noblest rivers of Western Virginia. Many of its storied memories are of especial interest. At Point Pleasant, where that stream enters the Ohio, was fought (1774) the desperate battle which decided the white supremacy of the Ohio Valley—the Colonial forces commanded by Andrew Lewis and the Indians by their chief, Cornplanter. Indian relics abound in the valley, reminding us that it was one of their favourite resting-places, and well worth a death struggle. The accompanying cut, of one of the Indian mounds, is suggestive in this connection.



Anvil Rock, Greenbrier River.

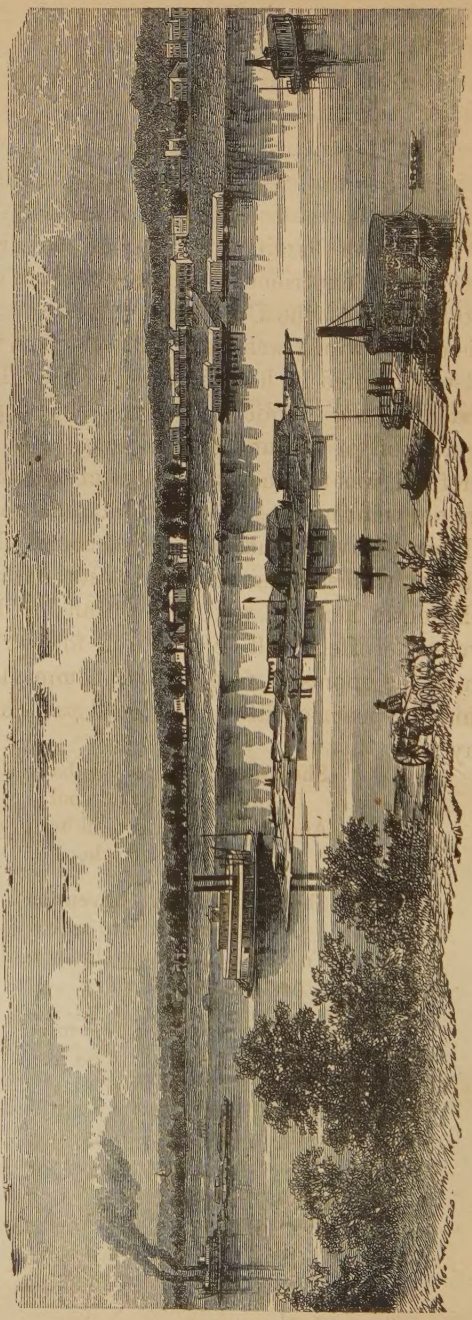
There are also many objects of scientific interest to the geologist in this picturesque region. One of these, a huge boulder, known as Anvil Rock, we illustrate in the adjoining cut. Its immense size will be noted by a comparison with the figures

in the boat at its side.

By the construction of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, this great sanatorium of nature has been made easily accessible to the most delicate invalid. The delving, tunnelling, and rock-cutting necessary for this purpose make it one of the most remarkable and useful engineering exploits of the age.

Crossing the Guyandotte River, the railroad enters the Ohio Valley proper, in one of its fairest, and in every way most attractive, sections. For twelve miles down to the Big Sandy River, there is a beautiful stretch of the celebrated bottom lands, which figured so largely in the later Colonial history; and the permanent possession of which so intensified the Indian struggle.

Upon the upper



Huntington and the Ohio River.

and more elevated portion of this plateau, which rises gradually from high-water mark on the river bank to the slopes of the enclosing hills, is located the city of Huntington—421 miles from the navigable water of the James River, and 568 feet above sea or tide level. Huntington is a new town, having been laid out in 1871; and soon it assumed something of the appearance indicated in the cut on the previous page.

The State of Virginia, the first of the British colonies in the New World, experienced, perhaps, almost more than any other of the States of the Union, the bitterness of the curse of slavery. This deadly wrong was an inheritance from the old colonial days, and was planted in her virgin soil by English hands. The perversion of the public conscience, the depravation of morals, degradation of labour, and the long train of evils that sprang therefrom, was the inevitable fruit of this bitter root. Yet there were not wanting those whose moral sense revolted from the crime of human slavery, and in spite of social obloquy and civil disabilities, washed their hands of its ensanguined stain. One such gentle heroine, who had enfranchised all her slaves and devoted her life to self-denying toil for the education and elevation of the oppressed race, is thus commemorated by Longfellow in his fine poem, entitled "The good part that shall not be taken away:"

She dwells by great Kenhawa's side,
In valleys green and cool;
And all her hope and all her pride
Are in the village school.

She reads to them at eventide
Of one who came to save;
To cast the captive's chains aside,
And liberate the slave.

And oft the blessed time foretells
When all men shall be free;
And musical, as silver bells,
Their falling chains shall be.

And following her beloved Lord,
In decent poverty,
She makes her life one sweet record
And deed of charity.

For she was rich, and gave up all
To break the iron bands

Of those who waited in her hall,
And laboured in her lands.

Long since beyond the Southern sea
Their outbound sails have sped,
While she, in meek humility,
Now earns her daily bread.

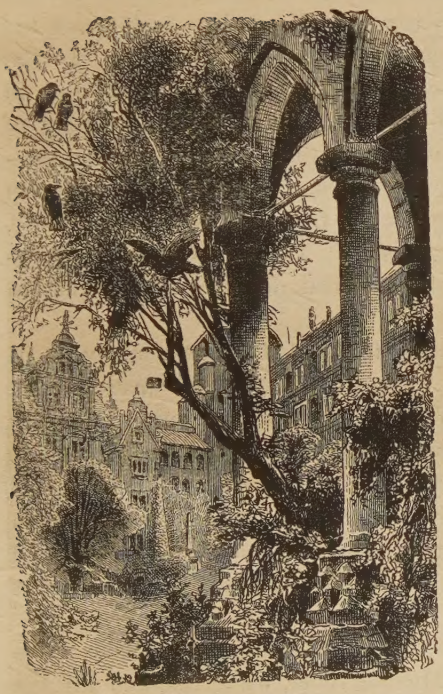
RURAL LIFE IN THE OLD DOMINION.

A feature of especial interest to the social philosopher will be the opportunity of studying the habits and mode of life of the negro race, emerging from a long period of servitude and tutelage into the estate of free citizens. There is still much of the happy-go-lucky unthrift of the ante-war days. But under the stimulus of fair day's wage for fair day's work, even the light-hearted, frolicsome negro is developing a sedateness and frugality of character which are the best augury of his future prosperity.

A CANADIAN IN EUROPE.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

BERNE TO HEIDELBERG.



COURT-YARD, HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

BERNE, the capital of Switzerland, is a quaint old town of 40,000 inhabitants. It is, as its name signifies, the City of the Bear. That animal seems to be the tutelary guardian, as well as the heraldic emblem of the canton. It ramps upon its shield. Two gigantic granite bears are wardens of the city gates. A whole troop of mechanical bears go through a performance every hour on the clock tower. On the neighbouring Bears' Fountain appears Bruin, equipped in armour. In the Bears' Den, a large stone enclosure twenty feet deep, quite a menagerie of black and brown bears are maintained at public expense. When I saw them, a great lazy fellow lay on his back, with his four legs in the air, sleepily catching in his capacious mouth cherries thrown him by his visitors. He seemed half asleep, with his eyes nearly closed, but he watched the cherries close enough, with a strangely human expression, and caught them every time. In 1861 an English officer fell into the den, and was torn in pieces before he could be rescued.

The houses in the old town are built over arcades, under the arches of which the sidewalk runs. In the middle of the wide street are fountains and tanks, where the housemaids come for

water, and to wash the table vegetables. One of these, the Fountain of the Ogre, has a hideous monster, with his capacious pockets full of children, He is at the same time devouring another, while below is the inevitable group of bears. Beneath the arcade are seats for wayfarers; that opposite the clock tower is like an old-fashioned square pew. Here, every hour of the day, a tourist group watches the procession of bears defiling before a seated figure, who turns an hour-glass and opens his mouth at every stroke which a harlequin gives a bell. In the shops are grotesque wood-carvings of bears masquerading in every sort of costume, and other fantastic subjects. Many of these wood-carvings are of remarkable artistic excellence—chamois hunting scenes, Alpine guides, and the like. One group of a chamois goat protecting her kid from the swoop of an eagle, was really pathetic in its expression. The Swiss *chalets*, cuckoo-clocks, and the like, were of wonderful delicacy of construction and carving.

The fine old cathedral dates from 1421. The sculptures of the west portal represent, in a singularly *naive* manner, the Last Judgment and The Wise and Foolish Virgins. The only service on Sunday was a short sermon, and prayers at ten o'clock. During the rest of the day, the noble terrace of the church, one hundred feet above the river, was crowded with promenaders in their picturesque holiday garb, while at intervals a fine band played operatic selections. And this in the chief Protestant town in Switzerland!

The glory of Berne is its unrivalled view of the whole range of the Bernese Alps—the Monch, Eiger, Jungfrau, and all the rest of the glorious company—considered by Humboldt the finest view in Europe. At sunset their serrated and pinnacled crests gleam and glow with unearthly beauty—golden and snowy and amethystine, like the crystal walls and pearly gates of the New Jerusalem. "Earth hath not aught to show more fair." Long after the evening shadows fill the valleys, the light lingers lovingly upon the rosy summits, as the parting day gives them her good-night kiss. Their strange spiritual loveliness speaks to the soul, like the voice of the angel to the seer of Patmos, saying, "Worship God."

From Berne to Basle is a magnificent ride of eighty miles, through a wild and picturesque region. A chattering Swiss

school-girl would persist in talking bad English, while I wanted to enjoy the glorious scenery. I got a magnificent view of Lake Bienne, spread out like a map. Then the road plunged into the wild Munster Thal—a narrow cleft through the Jura range. An angry torrent raves through the deep defile, and the contorted strata rise in perpendicular walls on either side. One tunnel of the road passes underneath the old castle of Augenstein, and another beneath a natural arch, which was fortified by the Romans in 161. Fertile meadows and picturesque villages succeed this savage scenery.

Basle, a thriving town of 45,000 inhabitants, has played an important part in Reformation annals. It is mentioned in 374 as Basilea—hence its name. The minster, founded in 1010, a huge structure of red granite, is one of the finest Protestant churches in Europe. In a quaint relief of the Last Judgment, the risen dead—stiff archaic figures—are *naively* shown putting on their resurrection garments. Here was held the great Council of Basle, lasting from 1431 to 1448; and here is buried the great Reformer Œcolampadius, whose fine statue, with a Bible in its hand, stands in the square without. In the Council Hall are frescoes of Holbein's famous Dance of Death, like that at Lucerne. Kings, popes, emperors, lawyers, and doctors, lords and ladies are all compelled to dance a measure with the grim skeleton, Death. Quaint German verses enforce the moral, some of which have been rudely translated as follows:

"O Queen, for joy there is no room,
You must descend into the tomb;
No gold avails nor beauty's sheen,
To keep you from the world unseen."

"My ladye, leave your toilette's care
And for a dance with me prepare;
Your golden locks can't help you here.
What see you in your mirror clear?"

"O horror! what is this? alas!
I've seen Death's figure in my glass.
His dreadful form fills me with fright.
My heart grows cold and senseless quite."

The lawyer is assured that "no dodge helps now, nor law's delays." The doctor, "who had despatched so many to the

shades," is invited to verify his osteology by an examination of Death's skeleton; and a judge exclaims:

> "When rich and poor shall judged be,
> O God have mercy upon me."

In the museum is a large mechanical head, which, till 1839, stood on the clock tower of the bridge, and at every stroke of the pendulum rolled its eyes and protruded its long tongue in derision of the people of Little Basle, on the German side of the Rhine. A corresponding figure on that side returned the graceful amenity. I saw a similar clock still in operation at Coblentz.

The cloisters adjoining the cathedral are of singularly beautiful stone tracery, five hundred years old. In the grass-grown quadrangles sleep the quiet dead, unmoved by the rush and din of busy traffic without. The Rath Haus, or town hall, is an exquisite bit of mediæval architecture, with its quaint Gothic courts, stairways, and council chamber. An old church of the 14th century is used as a post office; high up among the arches of the vaulted roof is heard the click of the telegraph instruments; the chancel and solemn crypts are used to store corn and wine and oil; and beneath the vaulted roof which echoed for centuries the chanting of the choir, is now heard the creaking of cranes and rattle of post waggons. The old walls which surrounded the city have been razed, and the ramparts converted into broad boulevards, lined with elegant villas. The quaint old gates and towers have been left, and form conspicuous monuments of the ancient times. I lodged at the Trois Rois Hotel, whose balconies overhang the swiftly-rushing Rhine. Just beneath my window were gorgeous effigies of the three Gipsy kings, Gaspar, Melchior, and Belshazzar—one of them a Negro—who presented their offerings to the infant Christ.

Instead of going direct from Basle to Strasburg, which is only a few hours' ride, I made a long detour up the left bank of the Rhine, and through Wurtemburg and the Black Forest—a route which commands some of the finest river and mountain scenery in Europe.

The Falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen are by far the largest in Europe, but they are not to be mentioned in the same day with our own Niagara. Nevertheless they are very picturesque and beautiful. The river makes three successive leaps over a

ledge of rock. The whole fall, with the rapids above and below, is about one hundred feet. The surroundings are much more beautiful than at Niagara. The banks are high and rocky, and mantled with richest foliage. The cliff overhanging the fall has a quaint old castle inn, and pavilions and galleries command superb views. Three huge rocks rise in mid-stream, against which the furious river wreaks its rage. Ruskin goes into raptures over this beautiful fall. I wish he could see Niagara and the Yosemite. The old town, with its castle and minster dating from 1104, and odd architecture, is exceedingly picturesque. It is only an hour's ride to Constance, with its tragic memories of Huss, Jerome, and the Great Council, to which we refer elsewhere.

At Singen I turned northward, through Wurtemburg and the Black Forest. This wild mountain region—the famous Schwarzwald of German song and story—is a portion of the old Hircynian Forest, which once covered a great part of Central Europe, and later was known as the Swabian Land. Its grandest passes are now traversed by the new Black Forest Railway, one of the finest engineering works in Europe. Near Singen, rises on an isolated and lofty basaltic rock, the old Castle of Hohentweil, which held bravely out during a terrible siege of The Thirty Years' War. The spiked helmets and black eagles of Germany are everywhere seen, and German gutteruls are everywhere heard. The country looks bleak and bare. The villages are crowded collections of rude stone houses, with crow-stepped gables or timbered walls, and the churches have queer bulbous spires. I asked the name of a pretty stream, and was told it was the Donau—the "beautiful blue Danube," which strings like pearls upon its silver thread the ancient cities of Ulm, Vienna, Presburg, Buda-Pesth, and Belgrade, and after a course of 1,780 miles, pours its waters into the Black Sea.

Now higher and higher winds our train. An open observation car is attached, affording an unobstructed view of the magnificent scenery. I was much amused at the travelling equipment of an English tourist, who was constantly consulting his pocket compass and aneroid barometer and watch, to see how rapidly we rose, and how frequently we changed our course. The road winds in great zig-zags and horse-shoe curves, and, crossing the water-shed between the Danube and the Rhine, as rapidly

descends. Leagues and leagues of dark pine forest stretch beneath the eye. Deep valleys, with picturesque wooden villages, are at our feet, adown which bright streams leap and flash. The native costume is very quaint. The men wear queer-cut coats with red linings, and the women a green bodice, with gaily trimmed straw hats. At the pretty town of Offenburg, the last place in the world one would look for it, is a statue of the gallant English sailor, Sir Francis Drake, erected to his honour for having "introduced the potato into Europe, 1586." We sweep into the Rhine valley, studded with grey old castles, and crossing the river on a magnificent iron bridge, behold, glowing in the rosy light of sunset, the mighty minster of Strassburg.

Nowhere has Gothic architecture reached a grander development than in these old Rhine cities; and the two finest minsters in the world are, I think, those of Strassburg and Cologne. To the great cathedral, therefore, I first of all betook me in the morning. Beautiful without and within—it is a glorious poem, a grand epic, a sublime anthem in stone. Even the grandeur of St. Peter's wanes before the solemn awe which comes over the soul beneath those vast and shadowy vaults. The one represents the perfect triumph of human achievement: the other the deep religious yearning and the unsatisfied aspiration of the spirit; the one, the cold intellectual work of the Southern mind: the other, the awe and mystery, and sublime emotions, of the northern soul. Those clustering columns; those dim, forest-like vaults; those long-drawn aisles; the solemn gloom irradiated by glimpses of glory through the many-coloured robes of apostle and prophet, saint and angel, in the painted windows, so like the earthly shadows and the heavenly light of human life and history—these wake deep echoes in the soul, as no classic or renaissance architecture ever can.

As I entered the church, the deep-toned organ was rolling forth a sublime fugue, descriptive of the Last Judgment—the clear pealing of the archangel's trumpet, the deep thunder of doom, the wail of everlasting despair, the jubilant triumph of the saved. The pure, sweet, innocent voices of the white-robed choir boys, and the deep and solemn chanting of the priests, echoed through the vaulted aisles in cadences by turns tender and sublime. It was, I found, a mass for the dead. The coffin, covered with a velvet pall, lay on a catafalque before the altar,

surrounded by burning tapers. The clouds of incense rose, and its fragrance filled the fair. Then a procession of priests, in white surplices, and boys, "with tapers tall," passed into another chapel, behind an open screen, where more chanting and singing followed. However the judgment may condemn this dramatic sort of worship, it is certainly profoundly impressive to the imagination.

Not far off was a more revolting display of Romish superstition. A statue of the Virgin and the dead Christ was tricked out with lace and flowers. Around it were a number of votive images in wax, of legs, arms, hands, and feet—a thank-offering for the cure of maladies of these members. Kneeling in the coloured light from a painted window, were a number of persons praying before the image, among them a mother with her sick child in her arms, seemingly interceding for its recovery. At the door was a stall where an old woman sat selling tapers for use in this semi-pagan worship.

From the time of Clovis, in the 6th century, a church has stood upon this spot, but the present structure was begun in 1179. The western façade, with its great rose window, forty-two feet across, its "stone lace-work," and canopied niches, is the work of the famous architect, Erwin Von Steibach. Among the statues is an impressive group of the Seven Virtues trampling under their feet the Seven Vices. Two huge towers flank the façade. Between them is a large stone platform, two hundred and sixteen feet from the ground, from which is obtained a magnificent view of the town at our feet, with its storks' nests on the roofs, its walls and ramparts, and in the distance the Vosges Mountains, the Black Forest and Jura range. The stork seems a sacred bird. The townsfolk put up false chimneys for it to build on, and I saw one huge nest transfixed on a spire. From the platform rises the open stone spire, to a height of four hundred and sixty-nine feet—the highest in Europe. The scars and grooves made by the Prussian cannon balls, fired during the late ten weeks' siege, are plainly seen on the stone. The massive cross on the top is that which Longfellow in his Golden Legend represents the Powers of the Air as trying, in a midnight tempest, to tear down. Lucifer commands, and the baffled spirits respond as follows:

"Hasten! hasten! O ye spirits!
From its station drag the ponderous
Cross of iron, that to mock us
Is uplifted high in air."

"Oh, we cannot! For around it
All the saints and guardian angels
Throng in legions to protect it;
They defeat us everywhere."

"Lower! lower! Hover downward!
Seize the loud, vociferous bells, and
Clashing, clanging to the pavement
Hurl them from their windy tower!"

"All thy thunders here are harmless!
For these bells have been anointed
And baptized with holy water!
They defy our utmost power."

"Aim your lightnings at the painted
Panes, that flame with gold and crimson:
Scatter them like leaves of autumn,
Swept away before the blast!"

"Oh, we cannot! the Archangel
Michael flames from every window,
With the sword of fire that drove us
Headlong out of heaven, aghast!"

The pillars that support the tower and spire are enormous. I walked around one and found it thirty-two paces in circuit. At the south door is a statue of Erwin Von Steinbach and his daughter Sabina. They are thus commemorated by Longfellow:

"The architect
Built his great heart into these sculptured stones;
And with him toiled his children, and their lives
Were builded with his own into the walls,
As offerings unto God. You see that statue
Fixing its joyous but deep-wrinkled eyes
Upon the Pillar of the Angels yonder.
That is the image of the master, carved
By the fair hand of his own child Sabina."

The "Erwinspfeiler" referred to is of great beauty. The stone pulpit, of 1485, is exquisitely carved. But many of the statues are painted in execrable taste, with black beards and

coloured robes. A mob of tourists go gaping about after a liveried verger during the service, and gather every hour before the famous clock, where an angel strikes the quarters and a skeleton the hours, and a brazen cock flaps his wings and crows. I thought it a very paltry performance, and a desecration of the grand old church. In the cloisters is the tomb of Erwin and his wife, and near by his house, with the most exquisite Gothic winding-stair in stone that I ever saw.

Germany holds with an iron grip her recent conquest. Sentries in spiked helmets were patrolling the streets, and here and there arms were stacked as if it were war time. The day I arrived, a feigned surprise of the city was repulsed; cavalry galloped through the streets, and infantry massed in the squares. The day I left, a mock siege took place, and the heavy guns were firing from the citadel and ramparts, which have been made almost impregnable. One of the townsfolk told me that the thrifty German administration, which had introduced waterworks and promoted the prosperity of the place, reconciled the people to their change of masters. In the narrow and crooked streets are many fine old mediæval houses, with Gothic gables and elaborate wood-carving; and the old gates, watch-towers, and walls are delightfully quaint.

I went from Strassburg to Heidelberg, by way of Baden and Carlsruhe. Baden, which used to be the rendezvous for most of the titled and professional blacklegs in Europe, has lost much of its "bad eminence" since the abolition of its gaming tables. It is still a favourite resort of fashion on account of its mineral waters, its gaiety, and its beautiful scenery.

The great attraction of Heidelberg is the Castle, once the finest in Europe, and now, next to the Alhambra, says Longfellow, the most magnificent ruin of the middle ages. Its older portions date from 1294, but it was frequently enlarged till it became of vast extent and extraordinary magnificence. It is a charming walk through the quaint old town and up the castle hill, now terraced into a stately pleasure-ground. The deep, wide moat, the massy walls and ivy-mantled towers—at once a fortress and a palace—have an air of stern feudal grandeur that I have seen nowhere else. After being the abode of kings and electors for four hundred years, it was taken by the French, consumed by fire, blown up by powder, and left the magnificent

ruin we now behold. Beneath a grim portcullis, with its grate drawn up, we enter the great court-yard shown in our initial cut, once gay with tilt and tourney, with martial array or bridal train. All around are stately façades of various ages and of splendid architecture. In niches on the wall stand rows of knights in armour, and on the front of the Rittersaal the heroes of Jewish history and classic fable, but all, alas! marred and dismembered by the iron mace of war. We are led through vaulted corridors; through roofless banquet-halls, where kings feasted; through a ruined chapel and up stone winding-stairs to the bower-chambers of fair queens and princesses—now open to the owls and bats. In the great kitchen is a huge fireplace, big enough to roast an ox, an evidence of the royal hospitality of ancient days. The *Gesprengte Thurm* was, as its name signifies, blown up by the French. One half of its cliff-like wall, twenty-one feet in diameter, fell into the moat, and, after two hundred years, still lies an unbroken mass. On the ruined "Elizabeth Tower," built for the daughter of James I. of England, grows a tall linden, and in her bridal chamber the swallows make their nests. An air of desolation mantles over all:

> How sad the grand old castle looks!
> O'erhead the unmolested rooks
> Upon the turret's windy top
> Sit, talking of the farmer's crop.
> Here in the court-yard springs the grass,
> So few are now the feet that pass;
> The stately peacocks, bolder grown,
> Come hopping down the steps of stone
> As if the castle were their own;
> And only the poor old Seneschal
> Haunts like a ghost the banquet hall.
> Alas! the merry guests no more
> Crowd through the hospitable door;
> But all is silent, sad, and drear.

In an old gallery is preserved a collection of historic portraits, relics, and antique furniture, china, embroidery, ornaments, and weapons of former inmates of the castle. I was specially interested in the portraits of the fair English princess, Elizabeth, the hapless mistress of these stately halls; of Maria Theresa, of Luther and his wife, and the wedding ring with which he espoused the gentle nun.

From the castle terrace overhanging the valley, I enjoyed a glorious sunset view of the lovely Neckar, winding among the vine-clad slopes of the forest-billowed Odenwald—the ancient haunt of the "Wild huntsman of Rodenstein"—and the more remote "blue Alsatian Mountains." Of course nobody leaves without seeing in the castle vaults the "great tun," which will hold eight hundred hogsheads of wine. It lies on its side, is as high as a two-story house, and one goes up a ladder to a platform, twelve by eighteen feet on the top.

It was a students' fête day, the schloss garden was full of merry-makers, and at night the old castle was illuminated with coloured Bengal lights. Every window, which in daytime look like the eyeless sockets of a skull, and every loop-hole and cranny was ablaze, as if with the old-time revelry of the vanished centuries, or with the awful conflagration by which it was destroyed.

A thunderstorm swept down the valley, and the firing of the old cannon on the castle ramparts blended with volleys of "heaven's loud artillery." The famous university, with seven hundred students, dating from 1386, occupies a large plain building. The students wear a jaunty scarlet cap with a broad gold band. I saw on the cheek of one a great scar of a sabre slash, received in a students' duel, to which these golden youth are much addicted. The Church of the Holy Ghost is unique, I think, in this respect, that it is occupied in common by Catholics and Protestants. In 1705 a wall was built between the choir and nave, and the two Churches have ever since conducted their service under the same roof.

Sure the last end
Of the good man is perfect peace! How calm his exit!
Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor many worn-out winds expire so soft.

—*Blair.*

CANADIAN METHODISM; ITS EPOCHS AND CHARACTERISTICS.

BY THE REV. DR. RYERSON.

Written at the request of the London, Toronto, and Montreal Annual Conferences.

ESSAY V.—METHODISM THE PIONEER OF CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN UPPER CANADA; COMMENCEMENT OF THE CLERGY RESERVES CONTROVERSY.

If Methodism was the first ministry of religious instruction and spiritual freedom to the first Canadian settlers; if, under its ministrations, men were freed from the slavery of vice in every form, and made virtuous, moral, religious citizens—were turned from darkness unto light, and made partakers of the glorious liberty of the sons of God; so also was Methodism the precursor, the pioneer, the first and most effective promoter of civil and religious liberty for the entire country. The early Methodist preachers did not interfere with politics; I can find no instance of it in the whole of their history; but they taught doctrines which lay at the foundation of a country's freedom, and without which no country has ever been free. They preached the Gospel of Christ in its purity, fulness, and power; and a late writer has well observed, "Christ's Gospel did not promise political freedom, yet it gave it: more surely than conqueror, reformer, patriot, that Gospel will bring about true liberty at last. This, not by theories, nor by schemes of constitutions, but by the revelations of truths." (F. W. Robertson.)

There is a fourfold truth which lies at the foundation of all other truths of the Bible, and which involves the first elements of civil freedom.

First, God is a Spirit, the Creator and Preserver of all mankind; and the counterpart of that truth, each human being is the child of God by creation. "The rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the *Maker* of them *all*." "We are also His offspring." "God, that made the world, and all things therein, seeing that He is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands, . . and hath made of *one blood* all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth." In the sunlight of these inspired words (words not found in the philosophy or any writings of the

Greeks or Romans) on the grand truth of creation, we have the glorious doctrines of the universal fatherhood of God, and the universal brotherhood of man, in the presence of which all earthly distinctions of title, of rank, of attainments, of age, of nations, disappear, and the universal equality of mankind—the foe of despotism and tyranny—stands forth as the basis and pledge of universal freedom.

In connection with this twofold truth of creation, take the twofold truth of redemption. Jesus Christ has tasted death for *every man ;* and by His teaching and resurrection, has revealed and demonstrated man's immortality, and hath given "the manifestation of the Spirit to every man to profit withal"—proofs and teachings suited to all understandings—sealed by the blood and confirmed by the resurrection of our common Lord and Saviour.

The universality of man's redemption commensurate with that of his creation, imparts by the riches of Divine grace to every human being the right of access to all the nobility and privileges of "heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ."

Before these fundamental and sublime truths of revelation—God our Creator, and all we His children ; Christ our Redeemer, and all we His redeemed, and redeemed for immortality to an equality with the angels —how are all mankind, and every man, enfranchised with the rights of an equal freedom and dignified with the grandeur of more than angelic glory !

It is unhappily the case that these great truths have been mutilated, separated from each other, placed one against the other, perverted and abused by the mental narrowness, cupidity, and ambition of men, as have been other truths of Revelation, and many of the greatest bounties of Providence, to the oppression and enslavement of their fellow-men ; but the perversion and abuse of truths or blessings does not change their nature or lessen their value. Wherever these truths have been proclaimed in their reality and fulness, and the Book which teaches them has been an open book to all interested in them, there have communities and peoples risen, or are rising, to the manhood of true civil freedom ; while all other communities and peoples who are untaught, or perverted, and the book which teaches them is a prohibited book, are bound by the claims of despotism, or scarred by the manacles of tyranny.

It is also true that wherever the universality of the atonement has been denied, and its saving benefits shrivelled to a small portion of mankind—the unconditionally elect from all eternity, and the rest, the great majority, of the human race, left unconditionally and eternally reprobate—there the principles of universal freedom, or even of toleration, have neither been practised nor understood, as witness the grinding and persecuting government of Calvin in Geneva and of the Puritans in Massachusetts Bay, against all reprobates. The doctrine of the Papacy which exalts one man and his delegates above all other men, assuming to possess the keys of the kingdom of heaven, to lock and unlock at pleasure, and the doctrine that the eternal blessings of the atonement are limited to the few elected from all eternity, to the exclusion of all others of the human race, are equally incompatible with the principles of equal rights and freedom among any people. But the Methodist preachers preached throughout the land that "God is no respecter of persons," and that "Jesus Christ is the Saviour of all men, especially of them that believe;" and they made the wilderness resound, from one extremity of Canada to the other, with the doctrine and song—

> "Lord, I believe were sinners more
> Than sands upon the ocean shore,
> Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
> For all a full atonement made."

With this doctrine the whole country (with a few individual exceptions) became leavened at an early period, whether connected with Methodism in Church fellowship or not, and espoused the cause of equal rights and privileges before the law by all classes of citizens, whenever opportunity offered. The doctrine of universal equality before the law was the natural result of the doctrine of universal equality before God in both creation and redemption; and with the Bible in their hands, recommending its circulation and reading among the people, early Methodist preachers desired and prayed that all classes might enjoy the rights and privileges which they claimed and exercised for themselves. It was thus that the principles of equal religious rights and liberty became grounded in the public mind of the country far beyond the nominal limits of the religious denomination that first taught them, and long before the question itself became a subject of newspaper discussion.

In this the early Methodist preachers in Canada were the true followers of the Divine Founder of our holy Christianity and of His first apostles—being themselves of the common people, and sympathizing with them in all their wants and privations. The late Rev. Dr. Spring, of New York, has justly observed: "It is remarked of the Divine Founder of the Christian faith, that the 'common people heard Him gladly.' He was himself one of the common people. He was raised from an obscure family in Israel, and was from the humbler walks of life. All His sympathies were with the common people. He knew the heart of the suffering and oppressed, and was touched with the feeling of their infirmities. Of the same character were His apostles, and the principal teachers of His religion. And of the same character do we find all their doctrines and precepts. 'To the poor the Gospel is preached.' 'In Christ Jesus there is neither Greek nor Jew, barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free.' 'The cultivated heathen,' says Tholuck, 'were offended at Christianity precisely for this reason, that the higher classes could no longer have precedence of the common people.'" *

* *Obligations of the World to the Bible.* Lecture IV., pp. 113, 114.

"It is worthy of remark, that the Bible recognizes and maintains the only principle on which it is possible for a nation ever to enjoy the blessings of civil liberty. That principle is, that *all that is valuable in the institutions of civil liberty, rests on the character which the people sustain as citizens.* The fear of God is the foundation of political freedom.

'He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside.'

Bad men cannot be good citizens. It is impossible that a nation of infidels or idolaters should be a nation of freemen. It is when a people forget God, that tyrants forge their chains. The principles of liberty and the principles of the Bible are most exactly coincident. A vitiated state of morals, a corrupted public conscience, is incompatible with freedom. Nothing short of the strong influence of that system of truth which God has revealed from heaven is competent so to guide, moderate and preserve the balance between the conflicting interests and passions of men, as to prepare them for the blessings of free government. Holland was free, as long as she was virtuous. She was a flourishing republic; she produced great and enlightened statesmen, until she became corrupt, and infidelity spoiled her of her glory. France would have become free on the accession of her citizen king, but for the radical deficiency of her moral virtue. When the distinguished Perrier, who succeeded La Fayette in the office of Prime Minister to Louis Philippe, was on his death-bed, he ex-

It was thus that the early Methodist preachers—almost the only ministers of religion in the country—sprung from and sympathizing with the common people, traversed every county and new settled township of the land, holding forth the Bible as the only infallible rule of faith and practice—the Magna Charta of a people's rights and liberties—teaching from day to day, and from house to house, those first truths of faith, of morality, of order and of freedom, and thus permeating the entire population,

claimed with great emphasis and fervour, *La France doit avoir une religion*, 'France must have a religion.' Liberty cannot exist without morality, nor morality without the religion of the Bible. It is a nation's love of law, its love of wise and benevolent institutions, its attachment to the public weal, its peaceful and benevolent spirit, its love of virtue, and these alone, can make it free. Take these away, and there must be tyrants in their place. I hold no axiom more true or more important than this, that man must be governed by truth or by despotic power. As soon as a nation becomes corrupt, her liberties degenerate into faction; and then nothing short of the strong arm of despotism will restrain the passions of men, and control their selfishness, their love of gold, their thirst for domination, and their brutal licentiousness. The Bible alone is the source of that high-toned moral principle which is necessary to all classes, in all their intercourse, for the exercise of their rights and the enjoyment of all their privileges. Without it rulers become tyrants, and the people are fitted only for servitude, or anarchy. Without it there is no such thing as an intelligent, lofty, honourable, and disinterested character. Nothing else is capable of combining a nation into one great brotherhood—annihilating its divisions—quenching its hate—destroying its spirit of party—bringing all parts with all their jarring interests into one great whole. Nothing will rightly control its suffrages; send up salutary influence into its Senate Chamber; diffuse its power through all ranks of office; direct learning and laws; act on commerce and the arts, and spread that hallowed influence through every department of society that shall render its liberties perpetual. Statesmen may be slow to learn from the Bible; but they will nowhere find their interests so watchfully protected and their liberties defended with such ability and so many counsels of wisdom. The designs of the ambitious and intriguing, the artifices of demagogues, the usurpations of power, the corrupting influences of high places, and the punishment of political delusion, all find the prototype and antidote in the principles, prophecies, biography and history of the Bible. * * * We shall be a free people, only as we remain a Christian people. If a low and degraded infidelity should ever succeed in its already begun enterprise of sending up from the whole face of this land her poisonous exhalations, and the youth of our country become regardless of the God of their fathers; men in other lands, who have been watching for our downfall, will in a few short years enrol us on the catalogue of enslaved nations."—*Ib.*, 120-123.

from parents to children, from neighbours to neighbours, with principles which have developed into the noblest elements of Canadian character and institutions.

Montesquieu, one of the most profound and candid French essayists of the last century, has remarked: "Christianity is a stranger to despotic power." De Tocqueville, a French statesman and elegant writer of the present century, after travelling in England and America, says: "The religion which declares that all men are equal in the sight of God, will not refuse to acknowledge that all citizens are equal in the eye of the law."—"Religion is the companion of liberty in all its battles and all its conflicts; the cradle of its infancy and the divine source of its claims."

But the influence of Methodism as the pioneer of civil and religious liberty in Canada arose not only from its teaching the fundamental truths of religion—especially the doctrine of universal redemption and its collateral truths, but in its earnest appeals, in all its ministrations, to the Holy Scriptures as the only source of authority in matters of religion; on every man's undeniable and inviolable right of private judgment in all matters of religious faith and duty, irrespective of the civil governmental authority, whether of Pope or King or President; and consequently on the great principle that religion being a spiritual system of inspired truth, must be promoted only by moral and spiritual influences, and not by the coercion of civil government or legal statute, by pains and penalties, which do not reach the heart, or conscience, or understanding.

It was not the practice of the Methodist preachers to deliver formal theses on these subjects, but they constituted the warp and woof of all their teachings, as the writer well recollects in listening to their ministrations in the days of his boyhood and youth—they thus being not the heralds of salvation to an otherwise religiously destitute people, but the harbinger-voices in the wilderness for the coming struggles of religious right against religious proscriptions, of equal political freedom against class political exclusion—the day-star of the sunlight of civil and religious liberty which was, in a few short years, to shine with impartial and unclouded splendour upon the entire population of Upper Canada.

But the dawn of that day of equal religious and civil liberty was accompanied with clouds and storms which agitated all

classes of society, and which developed into an entire change of the relations of different Christian persuasions and in the whole system of government in Upper Canada. These great religious, social, and constitutional changes were involved in what has been known as the "Clergy Reserve Controversy"—which will be the subject of my next essay.

In the meantime, I think it proper to devote the rest of this essay to the preliminaries of that great contest.

It was assumed and avowed by the leading clergy of the Church of England, that that Church was the Established Church not only of England and Ireland, but of the empire, and that the clergy of that Church were alone duly authorized to preach the Gospel, and administer the sacraments and ordinances of religion. This doctrine, or rather pretension, excluded all ministers and members of all Christian persuasions but Episcopalians from even the pale of the Christian Church. In maintenance of such pretension, not only was the one-seventh of the public lands of the province claimed for the support of the clergy of the Church of England, but earnest applications were made to the Propagation Society and Parliament in England for large additional support. It was with this view that the venerable Archdeacon of York—the late Right Reverend Dr. Strachan, then and long afterwards, until his decease at the age of ninety years, as the first Bishop of Toronto, the acknowledged head of the Church of England in Upper Canada—prepared and delivered a sermon, the 3rd day of July, 1825, on the death of the Bishop of Quebec (Dr. Mountain)—the diocese of Quebec then embracing all Upper as well as Lower Canada. In this discourse, of remarkable ability, the history of the Church of England, from the beginning, was traced, and the obstacles and difficulties which it encountered, with an earnest appeal to the British Parliament and Propagation Society in England for grants to support and extend the Church of England in Upper Canada. The sermon was evidently intended more for England than for Canada; it was not printed until the spring of 1826, on the eve of its author's departure for England, in order to procure large additional supplies and a University Charter for the Church of England, endowed out of the public lands of Upper Canada. A copy of this plausible and able discourse fell into the hands of a member of the Methodist Church, and he brought it to a social and religious meeting of its principal members, who assembled

once a month for social and devotional purposes, on the meeting of their two preachers after their three weeks' tour of eleven townships, west, north, and east of the town, preaching each two Sabbaths out of four in the town. At one of these social meetings, the discourse of the Archdeacon of York was read, containing attacks on different religious denominations, but chiefly on the Methodists. It thrilled the whole company, who with one voice insisted that the unjust attack and misrepresentations of the Archdeacon should be answered; and when the question was proposed as to who should write the answer, the common voice pointed to a young preacher, who had just finished the twenty-third year of his age, but not the first year of his probation in the Methodist ministry—the youngest, though now the oldest minister of the Methodist Church. He objected on the ground of his youth, inexperience, etc.; but finding his remonstrances unavailing, he proposed that the Superintendent of the Circuit (the late Rev. James Richardson, D.D.) and himself should each write something during their next tour round the Circuit; and out of what they should both write, something might be compiled that would meet the case. This was assented to; and at the next monthly meeting, inquiry was made as to what had been done in answer to the sermon of the Archdeacon of York, when it was found that the Superintendent of the Circuit had written nothing. The junior preacher replied that he had endeavoured to obey the wishes of his brethren. He was pressed to read what he had written, which he did with great reluctance. The effect of the paper (which occupied only twenty-seven octavo pages) seemed to be electrical; and the publication of it was instantly demanded. The author remonstrated, when one of the brethren present seized him by the arms from behind, and another wrested the manuscript from his hands, and said he would take it to the printer. Seeing that he could not recover the manuscript, he said if it would be returned to him he would not destroy it, but revise and re-write it, and give it back to his brethren to do what they pleased with it. This was agreed to, and the paper, which was written in April, 1826, was published, under the title of "A Review of a Sermon preached by the Hon. and Rev. John Strachan, D.D., at York, U. C., 3rd of July, 1825, on the death of the late Bishop of Quebec. By a Methodist Preacher."

This "Review" produced a sensation and alarm scarcely less

than that of a Fenian invasion; it was the first publication put forth by the Methodists in Upper Canada in their own defence, and in which the exclusive claims of the Church of England to an ordained ministry, and to the status and endowments of *the* Established Church, were called in question, and the claims of other denominations to equal rights and privileges with the Church of England were defended and maintained; it was the sole topic of conversation, and the subject of universal excitement in town and country. In the course of a fortnight, four answers appeared in the public papers to the "Review"—three of them written by clergymen, and one by a layman of the Church of England; by all of whom the unknown author of the "Review" was treated in the most contemptuous and bitter terms. By one he was called an "ignoramus;" by another, "a proud boaster of his learning;" by a third, no Methodist preacher, but "a crafty politician;" by a fourth, "a rebel and a traitor." One of them retired after the first shot; the other three continued the contest for a year or more, during which time the public mind became much excited. Public meetings were held, at which resolutions and petitions to the Legislature were adopted. A Central Committee was formed in the town of York, of which the late Rev. William Ryerson was the animating spirit, and the late Jesse Ketchum, Esq., was a most active member. This Committee sent out drafts of resolutions and petitions into various parts of the country.

Thus the "Clergy Reserve Controversy" was fairly inaugurated; the House of Assembly, in compliance with the petitions presented, appointed a Select Committee to examine into the allegations involved. The proceedings of the House of Assembly, the testimony of upwards of fifty witnesses examined, and the report and address of the House of Assembly to the King, will be adduced in my next essay. In the remaining pages of the present paper I will give some extracts from the sermon which caused the controversy, together with a few passages of the discussion which followed its publication. The whole discussion, on both sides, was afterwards published in a book.

I may state at the outset that upwards of fifty years have passed away since these papers were written. On the re-perusal of them, after the lapse of so long a time, the impression upon my own mind is, that Dr. Strachan was honest in

his statements and views; but he was so wrapt up in the doctrine of Episcopal Succession and a Church Establishment, that he was incapable of doing justice to those who differed from him, or of giving a fair account of the different religious persuasions in the country. He was more moderate and liberal in his views and feelings in his later years, and became the personal friend of his old antagonist, "The Reviewer," who, he said, had "fought fair."

In the course of his sermon, referring to the obstacles which retarded the progress of the Church of England in Canada, Dr. Strachan said:

"Even when churches are erected, the persons who give regular attendance are so few as greatly to discourage the minister, and his influence is frequently broken or injured by numbers of uneducated itinerant preachers, who, leaving their usual employment, betake themselves to preaching the Gospel, out of idleness, or a zeal without knowledge, by which they are induced to teach what they do not know, and which from their pride they disdain to learn."

To this "The Reviewer" replied:

"With respect to the small numbers who give regular attendance to the ministrations of the Church of England, I am of the Doctor's opinion. For I believe those instances are not very rare, which compel the venerable clergyman to say, with Dean Swift, 'My dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth us in sundry places,' etc. And as a remedy for this doleful complaint, we may say with the eloquent Chalmers, 'to fill the church well, we must fill the pulpit well.'

"As to the Doctor's remarks on the qualifications, motives, and conduct of the Methodist itinerant preachers, they are ungenerous, unfounded, and false. The Methodist preachers do not value themselves upon the wealth, virtues, and grandeur of their ancestry; nor do they consider their former occupation an argument against their present employment or usefulness. They have learned that the 'venerable' Apostles were once fishermen; that a Milner could once throw the shuttle; and that a Newton was not ashamed to watch his mother's flock. By these examples, and a hundred more, they feel themselves sufficiently shielded from the envious shafts of a bigoted ecclesiastic. They are likewise charged with 'preaching the Gospel out of idleness.' Does

the Doctor claim the attribute of omniscience? Does he know what is in man? How does he know they preach 'the Gospel out of idleness?' Let the Doctor remember that 'with what judgment he judges, he shall be judged.' (Matt. vii. 2.)

"What does the Doctor call 'idleness?' Not the reading of one or two dry discourses on Sabbath; not the preaching to one congregation at an annual income of two or three hundred pounds. No; this is hard labour, this is indefatigable industry. Two or four hundred pounds per annum is no inducement, no motive for preaching the Gospel. Those who labour in this apostolic manner, and for this small pittance, cannot be otherwise than the 'venerable successors' of Apostles. Who are they, then, that 'preach the Gospel out of idleness?' Those indolent, covetous men who travel from two to three hundred miles and preach from twenty-five to forty times every month. Those who, in addition to this, visit from house to house, and teach old and young 'repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.' (Acts xx. 24.) Those who continue this labour year after year, and are elevated with the enormous salary of £25 or £50 per annum; these are the men who 'preach the Gospel out of idleness.' O bigotry, thou parent of persecution! O envy, thou fountain of slander! O covetousness, thou god of injustice! Would to Heaven ye were banished from the earth!

"The Methodist preachers are said to be 'uneducated,' and to preach the Gospel without 'any preparation.' To a collegiate education they do not make pretensions. But it should not be forgotten, that there are other ways and places of education besides the Doctor's academy at ——; and if this objection may be brought against the Methodist preachers in Canada, it cannot be brought against those who composed their Articles and Discipline, and who formed their Constitution. The founders of Methodism were not inferior to the most illustrious of their age, both in the republic of letters, and in scientific knowledge in general. But the Methodist preachers are not destitute of learning; nor do they undervalue it. They consider it indispensably necessary to an able minister of the Gospel. They go farther. They say, 'to human learning, we must add Divine grace;' 'that man is not properly qualified,' say they, 'who can only translate some of the classics, read a chapter or two in the Greek Gospels, rehearse the Lord's Prayer and Ten Commandments in Latin, possibly write

a Latin sermon; if he be destitute of that wisdom which comes down from heaven, "he cannot discern the things of the Spirit of God."' (1 Cor. ii. 14.) 'Old things must pass away, and all things must become new.' (2 Cor. v. 17.) St. Paul's learning, though extensive, did not qualify him for the ministry. His sins must be washed away, and he be filled with the Holy Ghost. (Acts ix. 17.) The Son of God was revealed in his heart before he was qualified to preach Him among the heathen. (Gal. i. 16.) 'Learning and piety,' says an able divine, 'accompanied with a consciousness of the Divine call, constitute the accomplished and able minister of Jesus Christ.'" [Then follows an account of the various tests and examinations, religious, literary, and theological, through which each candidate for the Methodist ministry had to pass before his admission to the ministry, and a vindication of the qualifications of Methodist ministers for their work.]

Several pages of Dr. Strachan's sermon were devoted to the wretched state of morals and the want of improvements in Canada, and the very serious impediments in procuring support for the clergy either from England or from the Provincial Legisture; in consequence of which the Lord Bishop of Quebec applied to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts to increase the number of their missions in Canada. "His lordship's request being favourably received," says the Doctor, "the next difficulty was to procure clergymen. For when the Society had assented to the Bishop's prayer, in as far as they were able, clergymen of enlightened piety could not be found willing to leave England for Canada; gentlemen of education and zeal refused to forsake their homes, and the endearing associations of early years, to come to so distant and inhospitable a colony."

On this "The Reviewer" remarks: "If 'gentlemen of enlightened piety and zeal would not sacrifice their homes and the endearing associations of their early years' to preach the Word of Life to the destitute and uncultivated inhabitants of this colony, who would? Would those of less piety and zeal do it? If this be the character of the 'gentlemen of *enlightened piety and zeal,*' what notions are we left to entertain of the great mass of the English clergy? Can these be the true followers of Him who declared with the most solemn asseverations, 'if any man love father or mother, wife or children, houses or lands, more than

me or my Gospel, he cannot be my disciple?' (Luke xiv. 26.) Can these be the followers of Him 'who counted all things but dross for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus?' (Phil. iii. 8.) Of Him who was 'willing not only to be bound at Jerusalem, but to die for the Lord Jesus?' (Acts xx. 13.) Can these gentlemen of '*enlightened piety* and *zeal*' be the 'venerable successors of Him who went from country to country strewing His way with the wrecks of Satan's kingdom?' We would fain exculpate the enlightened and pious clergymen of England from the indelible reproach that the Doctor has cast upon them; but we fear the task would be too tedious at present."

At this time nearly ten thousand pounds sterling were expended by the British Parliament and the Propagation Society for the support of the Church of England in Canada; yet the Archdeacon of York demanded far larger supplies to save the Church of England from being swallowed up by "sectaries," and the country from becoming republican. He exclaimed, "What can fifty-three clergymen do, scattered over a country of greater extent than Great Britain? Is it to be wondered at that, under such circumstances, the religious benefits of the ecclesiastical establishment of England are little known or felt, and that sectaries of all descriptions are increasing on every side? And when it is considered that the religious teachers of the other denominations, a very respectable portion of the ministers of the Church of Scotland excepted, come almost universally from the republican States of America, where they gather their knowledge and form their sentiments, it is quite evident that if the Imperial Government does not immediately step forward with efficient help, the mass of the population will be nurtured and instructed in hostility to our parent Church, nor will it be long till they imbibe opinions anything but favourable to the political institutions of England."

The following are some passages of "The Reviewer's" reply to Dr. Strachan's despairing exclamations and philippics against the teachers of other religious denominations:

"We are sorry to see the Doctor reduced to such a dilemma of agitation and distress; but we fear his recovery will not be immediate. He asks, in the language of despair, "What can fifty-three clergymen do, scattered over a country of greater extent than Great Britain?' For the Doctor's reflection and

encouragement I would ask, What did twelve apostles do in the midst of an obstinate, barbarous and persecuting world? What did a Waldus do in the valleys of Piedmont? What did a Wycliffe do in England? What did a Luther do in Germany; nay, in the Christian world? What did a Wesley and his contemporaries do in Europe? What have the Methodists done in America? The most of these were not endowed with miraculous gifts. Why did *they* not cry out in the tone of discouragement, 'What can one man do in the face of an anti-christian world?' Why did they not apply to some Legislature for pecuniary aid? Simply because they had learned that 'the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.' (Eccl. ix. 11.) Because they felt the force of that saying, 'Cursed is the man that trusteth in man, whose heart departeth from the living God' (Jer. xvii. 5.); because they knew that the victories of the Cross did not owe their extension to legislative influence and support; because they believed the weapons of their warfare were not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds (2 Cor. x. 4); because they had the sword of the Spirit, which divideth asunder the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart (Eph. vi. 17; Heb. iv. 12); because they were convinced 'that the manner of propagating the Gospel in the first days of its glory, must be the most judicious manner of propagating it now.' And 'according to their faith it was done unto them.' (Matt. ix. 29.) Let the 'venerable successors of the Apostles' in Canada go forward in the spirit of Him whose residence was among the habitations of distress and the tabernacles of the poor; let them in reality be the followers of Him who 'declared the whole counsel of God, in season and out of season, from house to house, reproving, rebuking, exhorting with all long-suffering and doctrine' (Acts xx. 27; 2 Tim. iv. 2), and they will soon exclaim, not in the language of apology, but in the song of triumph, 'What *have* fifty-three clergymen done in the British colony of Canada!' Would to God they might so do, and that every house might become a house of prayer, and every heart a temple of the Holy Ghost!

"One particular reason which the Doctor assigns for imploring the aid of the Imperial Parliament is, that republican principles will be instilled in the minds of the people by the 'religious

teachers of other denominations, who,' he says, 'come *almost universally* from the republican States of America.'"

"The Reviewer" replied to this:

"To put the Doctor at rest on this point, and to remove this cause of complaint, I remark that the 'religious teachers of other denominations' do not talk or think quite so much about politics as does the Doctor. They have something else to do. They leave others to attend to temporal affairs, that they may 'give themselves to prayer, and to the ministry of the Word.' (Acts vi. 4.)

"But the assertion is not true. They are not republicans; neither are they infected with republican principles; nor have they come 'almost universally from the republican States of America.'

"Seven-eighths of the teachers among dissenters are British-born subjects. And out of the whole body of Methodist itinerant preachers, who seem to be the principal butt of the Doctor's hatred, there are only eight who have not been *born and educated in the British dominions.* And of those eight, all except two (of whom the late Rev. Dr. Green was one) have become naturalized British subjects, according to the statute of the Province.

"The hue-and-cry that 'dissenters are disaffected to the Imperial Government,' has stunned the ears of almost all Europe for more than two centuries. It was first raised to make dissenters contribute to the support of the Establishment, to increase the revenues of the clergy, and to give more unlimited sway to ecclesiastical domination, such as enforcing the Act of Uniformity, etc.; and doubtless it is for the same purpose that it has been transported to America, and now continues its hideous shrieks through the dreary wastes of Canada.

"Have the 'dissenters' in this country ever shown a disposition in any way hostile to the true interests of the colony? Have they not been quiet in time of peace and bold in time of war? Answer, ye parents who mourn the loss of patriotic sons, who yielded up the ghost on the field of battle! Speak, ye fatherless children, the dying groans of whose dissenting fathers proclaimed that they could die in defence of the British Constitution, and yet be unconnected with a religious Establishment! Bear testimony, ye disconsolate widows, whose dissenting husbands' loyalty has doomed you to perpetual melancholy! Lift up your

voices, ye unfortunate invalids, whose lacerated limbs speak more than volumes, that they are slanderers and liars who say that the religious any more than the political dissenters in Canada are not true to the 'political institutions of England.'"

I have given these extracts that the Methodist readers of the present generation may know how their forefathers were assailed, and through what reproaches and trials they passed, and what was the first attempt to defend their rights and vindicate their character.

But "The Reviewer" was not allowed to escape unscathed; his Church opponents seem to have exhausted upon him the vocabulary of the English language, aided by the Latin, in terms of contempt and denunciation, and seemed not to allow him a place in the pale of Christendom, much less of British loyalty. He was for a time greatly depressed, finding himself against his intentions, and wishes, and remonstrances, and in the first year of his ministry, involved in a controversy embracing the profoundest questions of ecclesiastical polity and civil government, besides the character and rights of his fathers and brethren. Finding that his only alternative now was to flee or fight, he chose the latter; devoted a day to fasting and prayer, recovered his calmness and confidence, and went at his antagonist in good earnest.

I will subjoin two or three passages of his rejoinders upon the attacks made upon him, and the mode of argument employed to refute him.

It was said that the Review was the "prodigious effort of a party." "The Reviewer" replied, "On this I observe, that only two preachers, besides the Reviewer, knew that anything of the kind was in contemplation till the Review appeared in print; and the Reviewer wrote it in less than eight days, during which time he rode nearly a hundred miles, and preached seven sermons."

"The Reviewer" was charged with not having defined his principles; to which he rejoined, "I do not build my faith upon that of my fathers or grandfathers, but upon Jesus Christ and the authority and practice of His Apostles. My principles are contained in the Articles and Homilies of the Church of England; in James i. 27, is my definition of the Christian religion; and I will substitude the 19th Article of the Church of England in place of a 'religious Establishment.'"

"The Reviewer" having been charged with being an alien, and having "black intentions upon the Government," replied, "This is the old watchword. To this I reply, that however many and great objections I may have to a religious Establishment in Canada, I have no objections to the civil government. I am a British-born subject; and by my paternal loyalty and personal feeling, I am unwaveringly attached to the British Constitution. Hence the Church of England man may learn that his antagonist, whom he considers to be an enemy of 'God and man,' is by birth, education, and attachment a truly British subject."

The several advocates of a Church Establishment in Canada differed in their premises, though they agreed in their conclusions. "The Reviewer" took advantage of this diversity, and reduced it to a syllogistic form, which caused much amusement at the time, and produced considerable popular effect. He said:

"That a religious establishment is essential to a Christian nation, is also denied by Dr. Paley, who says, 'a religious establishment is no part of Christianity, but a means of diffusing it.' So say Gisborne, Whitgift, Pretyman, and Stillingfleet. But the testimony of my opponents carries its own confutation, if we consider it in the light of a matter of fact.

"Dr. Strachan declares that a Christian nation 'without an establishment is a *contradiction.*' The Brockville clergyman denies it. The Kingston gentleman forbids the freedom of man's unstable will in religious matters. His learned predecessor announces that 'every man among us maintains his privilege to unshackled freedom of judgment in matters of religion.' Two contrary propositions cannot be true at the same time. Such are the harmonious sentiments of these Church members, who, our Doctor assures us, 'are never divided by a variety of opinions.'

"However, that their arguments may appear in their true light, and have their full force on the reader's mind, I will reduce them to the simple syllogistic form.

"I. (1) 'A Christian nation without a religious establishment is a contradiction.'

"(2) 'The establishment is a circumstance purely adventitious, and is by no means necessary to the existence of the Church.'

"(3) *Therefore*—England ought to pay £1,108,000 per annum to support a religious establishment.

"II. (1) 'The Church of Christ must not be built on mankind's unstable will.'

"(2) 'Every man among us maintains his privilege to unshackled freedom of judgment in matters religious.'

"(3) *Therefore*—The King and Parliament ought to make laws to prevent us from changing our religious opinions.

"III. (1) 'The King is declared to be the Head of the Church in no sense at variance with the spiritual supremacy which belongs to Christ alone.'

"(2) 'The King or Queen may forbid the exercise of the sacred commission derived from Christ.'

"(3) *Therefore*—The King or Queen ought to be the Head of the Church, seeing that He or She had and yet has not a right to interfere in spiritual matters.

"Are these the guardians of the flock of Christ in this colony?

"*Infelix ô semper, oves, pecus!*"

The controversy thus inaugurated continued upwards of a year, and developed into public meetings, petitions to the Legislature, the appointment by the House of Assembly of a Select Committee who examined fifty-two witnesses, and reported to the House, which adopted the Report and an Address to the King. These proceedings will be duly noticed in the next essay.

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

AND is there care in heaven? and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is!—else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts. But O, exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves His creatures so,
And all His works of mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels He sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve His wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The yielding skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love and nothing for reward;
O why should Heavenly God to men have such regard?

GREAT REFORMERS.

JOHN HUSS AND JEROME OF PRAGUE.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

II.

Amid such stirring events as the deposition of a Sovereign Pontiff, the case of John Huss, the Bohemian priest, was for the time postponed. Though Sigismund writhed under the accusation of having violated his Imperial guarantee of safety, yet he shrank from becoming the defender of heresy and schism against the persecuting zeal of such an august assembly as the great Council. The fall of the Pope gave opportunity for the congenial employment of the persecution of heresy. The doctrines of the English Reformer, John Wycliffe, were the first object of denunciation. Three hundred and five distinct propositions from his writings were condemned. In impotent malice this assembly of all that was most august in Church and State in Christendom wreaked its rage upon the dead body which had lain for thirty years in its quiet grave at Lutterworth. Wycliffe's remains were ordered to be rifled from their tomb, and with his books to be given to the flames. But near at hand and in their power was a living exponent of those hated doctrines, who would be more sentient to their torture. John Huss was therefore brought before the Council, not so much for examination as for prejudged condemnation.

The Council was to be favoured with two victims instead of one. An illustrious disciple was to share the martyrdom of his illustrious master. Jerome of Prague was only two years younger than John Huss; but while his rival in learning and religious zeal, he was his inferior in moral energy, and probably also in physical nerve. After visiting the universities of Cologne, Heidelberg, Paris, and Oxford, he preached boldly the doctrines of Wycliffe, and became also the ardent disciple and colleague in the reform movement of John Huss. When his revered and honoured friend left Prague for Constance, Jerome had said, "Dear master, be firm; maintain intrepidly what thou hast written and preached. Should I hear that thou hast fallen into peril, I will come to thy succour."

In fulfilment of this pledge he now hastened to Constance —himself determined to plead his friend's cause before the Council. He entered the city unknown, and mingling with the gossiping crowd learned the common rumour that his friend was already pre-condemned. His own faith and courage failed, and feeling that all was lost he sought safety in flight. While traversing the Black Forest, which stretches for many gloomy leagues over mountain and valley, he lodged for the night with the village curé. Bursting with indignation at the outrages inflicted on his friend, he denounced the Council as "a synagogue of Satan, a school of iniquity." The bold words were repeated to the village authorities, and Jerome was arrested, and by order of the Council was sent to Constance, riding in a cart, loaded with chains, and guarded by soldiers. He was arraigned before the Assembly, loaded with fetters. He was accused of the odious crime of heresy. It was intolerable that the greatest Council ever held, with an Emperor at its head, which had just deposed the Pope himself, should be bearded by two contumacious priests from a half-barbarous land. "Prove that what I have advanced were errors," Jerome calmly replied, "and I will abjure them with all humility." Hereupon a tumult arose, and a multitude of voices cried out, "To the flames with him; to the flames." "If it is your pleasure that I must die," answered Jerome, "the will of God be done." But his hour was not yet come. He was sent back to his dungeon and heavily ironed. For two days he was chained in a torturing posture, with outstretched hands, to a lofty beam; and for a year he lingered, the prey of bodily weakness and mental anguish, in this loathsome prison-cell. Even the consolation of sharing the imprisonment of his friend was denied him.

After six months' weary confinement, Huss was at length arraigned before the Council. "Fear not," he said to his friends; "I have good hope that the words which I have spoken in the shade shall hereafter be preached on the housetop—"Spero quod quæ dixi sub tecto prædicabuntur super tectis." These words of cheer were to his disciples in many an hour of persecution and gloom an encouragement and inspiration. In the great hall of the Kaufhaus, where the tourist to-day gazes with curious eye on the fading frescoes on the wall, the great Council sat—prelates, priests, and deacons, in mitres, alb, stole, chasuble and dalmatic; and secular princes in robes of state and wearing the

insignia of office—all to crush one manacled but unconquerable man. The writings of Huss were presented—there were twenty-seven in all—the authorship of which he frankly admitted. From these, thirty-nine articles were extracted alleged to be heretical. He was accused of denying transubstantiation, of teaching the doctrines of Wycliffe, of appealing from the Pope to Christ, and other such heinous crimes. Huss attempted to reply, but was met by an outburst of mockery and abuse. "One would have said," writes Maldoneiwitz, who was present, "that these men were ferocious wild beasts rather than grave and learned doctors." Huss appealed to the Scriptures, but was howled down with rage. "They all," says Luther, in his vigorous phrase, "worked themselves into a frenzy like wild boars—they bent their brows and gnashed their teeth against John Huss."

Two days later he was again arraigned. For nearly two hours an almost total eclipse darkened the sun—as if in sympathy with the dire eclipse of truth and justice on the earth. The Emperor sat on his throne of state. Men in armour guarded the prisoner in chains. His bitter adversaries, including the Cardinal of Cambray, who had won renown as "the hammer of the heretics," were his accusers. "If I die," said Huss to a friend, "God will answer for me at the Day of Judgment." Accused of urging the people to take arms, he replied, "I certainly did; but only the arms of the Gospel—the helmet and sword of salvation." The Emperor urged unconditional submission. "If not," he added, "the Council will know how to deal with you. For myself, so far from defending you in your errors, I will be the first to light the fires with my own hands." "Magnanimous Emperor," replied Huss, with keen but seemingly unconscious sarcasm, "I give thanks to your Majesty for the safe-conduct which you gave me—" He was here interrupted and sent back to prison.

Again he was arraigned, and again he was condemned by the Council. Even the Emperor—superstition and anger stifling the voice of his conscience—declared "that his crimes were worthy of death; that if he did not forswear his errors he must be burned." Still, his saintly life, his great learning, his heroic courage commanded the admiration even of his enemies; and they exhorted him even with tears to abjure, and a form of recantation was presented to him. "How can I?" he asked. "If Eleazar, under the Old Law, refused to eat the forbidden food lest he should sin

against God, how can I, a priest of the New Law, however unworthy, from fear of punishment so brief and transitory, sin so heinously against the law of God? It is better for me to die, than by avoiding momentary pain to fall into the hands of God, and perhaps into eternal fire. I have appealed to Jesus Christ, the one All-powerful and All-just Judge; to Him I commit my cause, who will judge every man, not according to false witness and erring councils, but according to truth and man's desert." He was accused of arrogance in opposing his opinion to that of so many learned doctors. "Let but the lowest in the Council," he replied, "convince me, and I will humbly own my error. Till I am convinced," he added, with grand loyalty to conscience, "not the whole universe shall force me to recant."

Huss spent his last hours in prison in writing to his friends in Prague. "Love ye one another"—so runs his valediction—"never turn any one aside from the divine truth. I conjure you to have the Gospel preached in my chapel of Bethlehem so long as God will permit. Fear not them that kill the body, but who cannot kill the soul." His faithful friends loved him too well to counsel moral cowardice. They urged him to be faithful to the end. "Dear master," said the brave knight, John de Chlum, "I am an unlettered man, unfit to counsel one so learned. But if in your conscience you feel yourself to be innocent, do not commit perjury in the sight of God, nor leave the path of truth for fear of death" "O noble and most faithful friend," exclaimed Huss with an unwonted gush of tears, "I conjure thee depart not till thou hast seen the end of all. Would to God I were now led to the stake rather than be worn away in prison."

After all, Huss was but human. In his lonely cell he had his hours of depression, and, like his blessed Master, his soul was at times exceeding sorrowful. "It is hard," he wrote, "to rejoice in tribulation. The flesh, O Lord! is weak. Let Thy Spirit assist and accompany me. For without Thee I cannot brave this cruel death. . . . Written in chains" is the pathetic superscription of the letter, "on the eve of the day of St. John the Baptist, who died in prison for having condemned the iniquity of the wicked."

But for the most part his courage was strong, and, like Paul and Silas, he sang his "Sursum Corda" in the prison: "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord

is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?" "Shall I," he wrote, "who for so many years have preached patience and constancy under trials—shall I fall into perjury, and so shamefully scandalize the people of God? Far from me be the thought! The Lord Jesus will be my succour and my recompense."

He freely forgave all his enemies—even his chief accuser, who came to gloat upon his sufferings in his cell, and whom he heard say to the gaoler, "By the grace of God we will soon burn this heretic." After thirty days longer of weary confinement, he was brought forth to receive his sentence. The august ceremony took place in the venerable cathedral. Sigismund and the princes of the empire sat on thrones of state. The cardinals in scarlet robes, the bishops in golden mitres, filled the chancel. High mass was sung; the solemn music pealing through the vaulted aisles, and the fragrant incense rising like a cloud. But Huss stood, guarded by soldiers, in the porch, "lest the holy mysteries should be defiled by the presence of so great a heretic." He then advanced, and after long and silent prayer stood at the tribunal.

The Bishop of Lodi preached from the text, "That the body of sin might be destroyed." It was a violent outburst of denunciation. Turning to the Emperor at its close he said, "It is a holy work, glorious prince, which is reserved for you to accomplish. Destroy heresies, errors, and above all, this obstinate heretic," pointing to Huss, who knelt in fervent prayer. "Smite, then, such great enemies of the faith, that your praises may proceed from the mouths of children and that your glory may be eternal. May Jesus Christ, forever blessed, deign to accord you this favour!"

After this unapostolic benediction, the Council, which claimed to be under the especial inspiration and guidance of the Holy Spirit, proceeded to its work of cursing and bitterness and death. The writings of Huss were first condemned to be destroyed, then himself to be degraded from his office of priest, and his body to be burned. "Freely came I hither," said Huss in that supreme hour, "under the safe-conduct of the Emperor," and he looked steadfastly on Sigismund, over whose face there spread a deep blush.* "Oh! blessed Jesus," he went on, "this Thy Council

* At the Diet of Worms, a hundred years later, when Charles V. was urged to violate the safe-conduct which he had given Luther, he replied, remembering this scene, "No; I should not like to blush like Sigismund."

condemns me because in my afflictions I sought refuge with Thee, the one just Judge." Yet with a sublime magnanimity he fervently prayed for his persecutors: "Lord Jesus, pardon my enemies; pardon them for Thine infinite mercy." To this day men point to a stone slab in the pavement of the church—a white spot on which always remains dry, when the rest is damp—as the place where Huss stood when sentenced to be burned at the stake.

The last indignities were now to be inflicted. Priestly vestments were first put upon the destined victim, and then, in formal degradation, removed. As they took the chalice of the sacrament from his hands, the apparitor said, "Accursed Judas, we take away from thee this cup filled with the blood of Jesus Christ." "Nay," he replied, "I trust that this very day I shall drink of His cup in the Kingdom of Heaven." They placed on his head a paper mitre daubed over with devils, with the words of cursing: "We devote thy soul to the devils in hell." "And I commend my soul," he meekly replied, "to the most merciful Lord Christ Jesus. I wear with joy this crown of shame, for the love of Him who wore for me a crown of thorns."

Then the Church, too holy, too tender to imbrue her hands in the blood of her victim—having declared him no longer a priest but a layman—delivered him to the secular power to be destroyed. He was conducted between four town sergeants and followed by a guard of eight hundred horsemen and a great multitude of people, from the gray old minster to the place of execution, in a green meadow without the walls. Before the bishop's palace the guard halted, that Huss might see the fire on which his books were burning. Knowing that truth is mighty—next to God Himself—he only smiled at the ineffective act of malice. So great was the crowd of people, that in crossing the moat it almost broke down the bridge.

Arrived at his funeral pyre, Huss knelt down and recited several of the penitential psalms, and prayed, "Lord Jesus, have mercy upon me. Into Thy hands I commit my spirit. I beseech Thee to pardon all my enemies." "We know not what this man's crime may be," said the people; "we only know that his prayers to God are excellent." As he prayed, his paper mitre fell from his head. A soldier rudely thrust it on, with the jeer, "He shall be burned with all his devils." "Friend," said the pa-

tient martyr, "I trust that I shall reign with Christ since I die for His cause." He was then bound to the stake with a rusty chain, and wood and straw were heaped about him. As the fire was applied and the smoke wreaths rose, the voice of the dying martyr was heard singing the *Christe Eleison :* "Jesus, son of the living God, have mercy upon me." Then his head fell upon his breast, and the awful silence was broken only by the crackling of faggots and the roar of the flames. In impotent rage his executioners gathered his ashes and cast them into the swift-flowing Rhine. But the zeal of his followers scraped up the very earth of the spot, and bore it as a precious relic to Bohemia.

But one victim could not appease the wrath of this zealous Council. Another still languished in prison for whose blood it thirsted. Every vestige of heresy must be destroyed. For six long months Jerome had lain in his noisome dungeon. He was commanded to abjure his faith or to perish in the flames. He was a man of less heroic mould than Huss. He was now deprived of the support of that strong spirit on which he had leaned. His body was enfeebled and his spirit broken by his long confinement in chains, in darkness, and on meagre fare. He was only forty years of age, and the love of life was strong within him. He shrank from torture, and in an hour of weakness he affixed his name to a sentence of retractation.

But the Council, as if eager for his death, rejected the retractation as ambiguous and imperfect, and demanded a fuller abjuration. But the hour of weakness was past. The love of truth prevailed over the love of life. With a moral heroism that almost atones for his single act of weakness, he withdrew his recantation. "I confess," he wrote, "that, moved by cowardly fear of the stake, against my conscience I consented to the condemnation of the doctrines of Wycliffe and Huss. This sinful retractation I now fully retract; and am resolved to maintain their tenets unto death, believing them to be the true and pure doctrine of the Gospel, even as their lives were blameless and holy."

By these words he signed his own death-warrant. He was speedily condemned as a relapsed heretic. He demanded an opportunity of making a defence. "What injustice," he exclaimed. "You have held me shut up for three hundred and forty days in a frightful prison, in the midst of filth, noisomeness, stench, and the utmost want of everything. You then bring me out, and

lending an ear to my mortal enemies, you refuse to hear me." He was at length granted an opportunity to reply to the hundred and seven charges preferred against him. He defended himself with extraordinary eloquence and learning—"now deeply pathetic, now with playful wit or taunting sarcasm, confounding, bewildering, overpowering his adversaries. He stood fearless, intrepid, like another Cato, not only despising, but courting death."

Of all the sins of his life, he said, none weighed so heavy on his conscience as his unworthy denial of the doctrines of Wycliffe and Huss. "From my heart I confess and declare with horror," he exclaimed, "that I disgracefully quailed when through fear of death I condemned their doctrines. . . I declare anew, I lied like a wretch in abjuring their faith." "Do you suppose I fear to die?" he demanded. "You have held me for a whole year in a frightful dungeon more horrible than death itself. You have treated me more cruelly than Turk, Jew or Pagan, and my flesh has literally rotted off my bones alive, and yet I make no complaint." Yet he exhorted, for the truth's sake, that they would listen to that voice which was soon to be hushed forever.

He was again haled from the prison to the church to receive his sentence. The troops again were under arms. The Council sat in state. Again high mass and chanted hymn consecrated judicial murder. On his way to the place of burning, Jerome repeated with firm voice the Apostle's Creed and chanted the Litanies of the Church. As they piled the faggots and straw about him, he sang the hymn, "Salve festa dies—Hail, joyful day," as though it were his birthday—as it was—into immortal life. As the executioner was lighting the fire behind his back, he said, "Light it before my face. Had I been afraid, I would not have been here." He then committed his soul to God, and prayed in the Bohemian tongue as long as life lasted.

To-day the pilgrims from many a foreign land visit with reverence the places made sacred by those imperishable memories. They see the house in which the martyrs lodged, the cell in which they were confined, the hall in which they were arraigned, and the church in which they were condemned. Then following the route of that last procession through the quaint old streets and beneath an ancient gateway, they reach the place of their martyrdom. No chiselled monument commemorates their death.

Nothing but a huge granite boulder, bearing simply their names and the date of their martyrdom—the emblem of the indestructible character of the truths for which they died.

Measured by years, their lives were short—Huss was forty-two and Jerome forty-one. But measured by sublime achievement, by heroic daring, by high-souled courage, their lives were long and grand and glorious. They conquered a wider liberty, a richer heritage for man. They defied oppression in its direst form—the oppression of the souls of men. They counted not their lives dear unto them for the testimony of Jesus. They have joined the immortal band whose names the world will not willingly let die. Their ashes were sown upon the wandering wind and rushing wave; but their spirits are alive for evermore. Their name and fame, in every age and every land, have been an inspiration and a watchword in the conflict of eternal right against ancient wrong.

In the age immediately preceding his own, the name of Huss became a battle-cry on many a gory field, and the Hussite wars are a tragic page in the history of the world. All Bohemia rose to avenge the death of its apostles and martyrs. Knight and baron, with hand on sword, swore defiance to the power which had doomed to death Jerome and Huss. Among these emerged into prominence, the terrible name of Ziska, "the one-eyed," as it signifies, who soon became a portent of wrath to the foes of his country. The communion of the cup as well as of the bread was cherished as a national right of Bohemia, which had received the Gospel from the Greek rather than from the Latin Church. Ziska made a sacramental chalice the standard of his army, and he signed his name "Ziska of the cup." A bloody war was waged to maintain this badge of national independence.

His sacrifice of Huss cost Sigismund a long and cruel war, and well-nigh cost him his kingdom of Bohemia. A fierce fanaticism raged on either side. Cities were stormed, lordly palace and costly shrine were given to the flames. From the Danube to the Black Forest, from the Alps to the Netherlands, was a wild whirl of battle; 200,000 men were in arms. Ziska with his fierce war chariots mowed down armies as with the scythe of death. When, by the loss of his sole remaining eye, he became blind, he became only the more terrible—his victories as sweeping, his vengeance more deadly. He was conqueror in a hundred fights,

and was conquered in only one. The track of his armies was like that of a desolating simoon. It was traced by scath of fire and sword, by plundered towns and burning villages and devastated plains. His death, like his life, was a portent of wrath. According to tradition, he ordered his body to be left to the crows and kites, and his skin to be converted into a drum, on which should resound the dreadful march of death.

For thirteen years the wild war waged, and then after a short respite again broke out, and for half a century longer desolated central Europe—a terrible penalty for a terrible crime. But not yet was the cup of misery full. Again and again has Bohemia been made the battle-ground of the nations—in the Thirty Years' wars, the Seven Years' war; and in our own day was fought on its soil the great battle of Sadowa.

More pleasing memories of the land of Huss are the Moravian Brethren, who share his doctrine and exemplify his spirit. As the foster-mother of Methodism, as the mother of modern missions, and as their most energetic promoter, the Church of the Moravian Brethren, which is more than any other the Church of Huss, commands the admiration of mankind. Not by wrath and bloodshed, not by strife and bitterness, but by the spirit of devotion of self-sacrifice, of martyrdom, are the victories of the Cross achieved. While we deprecate the wild fanatic wars of the Hussites, let us revere as among the noblest heroes of the race the memories of Jerome of Prague and John Huss.

SONNET ON THE DEATH OF REV. JOSEPH HART.

A MAN less among men, no common loss —
Since in this turning world true men are few;
And when one dies the wound is ever new—
The healing flesh is slow to creep across.
Not by the memories of sin he died;
Not by the craft of men or cruel chance;
Not by some bitter foe's unsparing lance—
He slew himself, a noble suicide.
He was not equal to his soul's command,
Not strong in body as his spirit's strength;
His heart was ever hurrying his hands;
And the o'erburdened body sank at length.
Let him essay to fill his place who can,—
I know the world is poorer by a man.

—*M. R. Knight.*

BARBARA HECK.

A STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF UPPER CANADA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "KING'S MESSENGER."

CHAPTER VI.—THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC.

As a consequence of the disaster recorded in our last chapter, the commandant at Fort St. John, despairing of relief, and short of both provisions and ammunition, surrendered to the Americans after a siege of fifty days, with a garrison of five hundred regulars and Canadian militia. The greater part of the regular troops in the province had now been captured, and Montgomery advanced unopposed to Montreal.

Dire was the commotion in the little town as the overwhelming force of the enemy approached. Orderlies galloped wildly through the streets, and the loud roll of the drum and sharp blare of the bugle pierced the ear of night. The little handful of troops were marshalled by the torchlight in the Place d'Armes, in front of the old parish church, which stood in the middle of what is now Notre Dame Street. It was a low-walled, high-roofed building, with semicircular chancel at the east end, and with dormer windows in the roof. At the western end was a square tower, crowned with an open belfry, in which hung the small bells, which at the canonical hours rang out their sweet chorus over the little town. Around the square now lined with stately stone banks and public offices were a row of quaint, high-roofed, many-dormered buildings.

It was a wild night in early November, the 11th of the month, with high wind but without rain. The clouds scudded swiftly across the sky, and the moonlight, from time to time, burst fitfully through their rifts, bringing into sharp contrast the illumined fronts of the houses and the deep shadow of the parish church. A bonfire was burning in the square, its ruddy gleam blending strangely with the wan light of the moon, and flashing back, now from the burnished bayonets, now from the polished accoutrements of the troops. These—only a hundred and twenty in all—were drawn up in heavy marching order, to advance against the invaders. An earnest colloquy was proceeding between General Carleton and a number of the leading merchants of the town. It

was argued that as the handful of troops was quite inadequate to cope with the large invading force, the only result of an engagement would be a serious loss of life, from which no advantage would be derived, and the probable destruction of the town by the exasperated enemy. General Carleton, therefore, harangued his little company of soldiers, and informed them that the best interests of the King and country would be promoted by a retreat upon Quebec, which was really the key of the possession of the colony. They were therefore marched back to the barracks, and during the night employed in destroying such army stores as they could not carry off, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. Early next morning the little band, under command of Brigadier-General Prescott, with deep chagrin written on their faces, marched out of the eastern gate of the town just as the strong force of Montgomery blew open with a grenade the western gate.

General Prescott and his command were intercepted at Sorel by a force of Americans, with an armed vessel and some floating batteries. Governor Carleton escaped only by being rowed, with muffled oars, by night, past the American guards; and so reached Quebec, which was now menaced by Benedict Arnold. The American General, Montgomery, promptly occupied the town, but treated the people with much consideration, and won their goodwill by his generous disposition and affable manners. He made provision for the maintenance of public order and administration of justice, and for nearly eight months the town remained in the hands of its captors.

The chief struggle for the possession of Canada, however, took place around the walls of Quebec. The stirring events of that winter campaign we shall briefly trace before proceeding with the narrative of the private fortunes of the actors in our little story.

General Benedict Arnold, who subsequently gained eternal infamy by the base attempt to betray the fortress of West Point, committed to his keeping, had the previous summer visited Quebec, and had secret correspondents among its inhabitants. In the month of September, with a force of nearly a thousand men, among whom was Aaron Burr, a future Vice-President of the United States, he had toiled up the swift current of the Kennebec and Dead River, to the head-waters of those streams. With

incredible labour they conveyed their boats and stores through the tangled wilderness to the Chaudiere, and sailed down its tumultuous current to the St. Lawrence. Their sufferings through hunger, cold, fatigue, and exposure, were excessive. They were reduced to eat the flesh of dogs, and even to gnaw the leather of their cartridge-boxes and shoes. Their barges had to be dragged against the rapid stream one hundred and eighty miles, and carried forty miles over rugged portages on men's shoulders. Their number was reduced, by sickness, exhaustion, and desertion, to seven hundred men before they reached the St. Lawrence, and only six hundred were fit for military service. Without artillery, with damaged guns and scanty ammunition, with wretched clothing and imperfect commissariat, they were to attempt the capture of the strongest fortress in America.

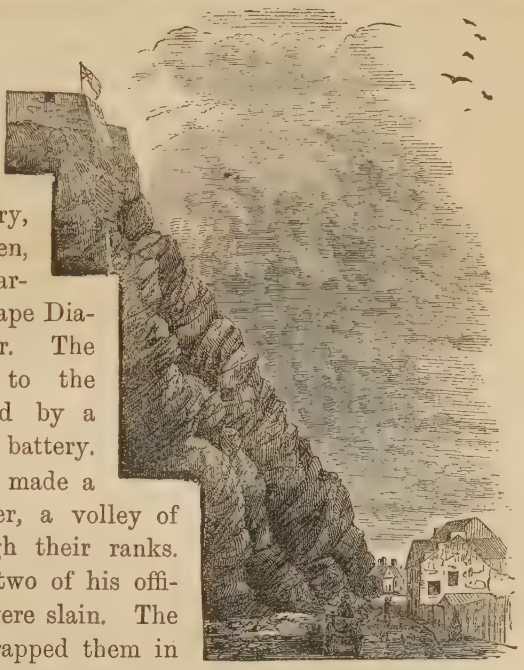
The Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, the Hon. H. T. Cramahé, had strengthened the defences of the fortress-capital, and learning the approach of Arnold, had carefully removed all the boats from the south side of the river. On the night of November the 13th, Arnold, having constructed a number of canoes, conveyed the bulk of his meagre army across the river, and, without opposition, climbed the cliff by Wolfe's path, and appeared before the walls of the Upper Town. He sent a flag of truce to demand the surrender of the place; but the flag was not received, and no answer to the summons was deigned. Having failed to surprise the town, and despairing, with his footsore and ragged regiments, with no artillery, and with only five rounds of ammunition, of taking it by assault, he retired to Point-aux-Trembles, some twenty miles up the river, to wait a junction with Montgomery.

On the 19th of the month, Governor Carleton reached Quebec, and began preparations for a vigorous resistance. Disaffected persons, and those unwilling to join in the defence of the town, were ordered to leave within four days. The entire population was about five thousand, and the garrison numbered eighteen hundred in all, consisting of about a thousand British and Canadian militia, three hundred regulars, and a body of seamen and marines from the ships in the harbour. The place was provisioned for eight months.

On the 4th of December, the united forces of Arnold and Montgomery, amounting to about twelve hundred in all,

advanced against Quebec. Carleton refused to hold any communication with them, and the besieging army encamped in the snow before the walls. Its scanty artillery produced no effect upon the impregnable ramparts. Biting frost, the fire of the garrison, pleurisy, and the small-pox did their fatal work. The only hope of success was by assault, which must be made before the close of the year, when the period of service of many of the men expired.

On the last day of the year, therefore, a double attack was made on the Lower Town, the object of which was to effect a junction of forces, and then to storm the Upper Town. At four o'clock in the morning, in a blinding snow-storm, Montgomery, with five hundred men, crept along the narrow pass between Cape Diamond and the river. The western approach to the town was defended by a block-house and a battery. As the forlorn hope made a dash for the barrier, a volley of grape swept through their ranks. Montgomery, with two of his officers and ten men, were slain. The deepening snow wrapped them in its icy shroud, while their comrades retreated in utter discomfiture. The spot where Montgomery fell was just opposite the landing place of the Allan Steamship line. It is marked by an inscription attached to the face of the cliff.



The Place where Montgomery Fell, Quebec.

On the other side of the town, Arnold, with six hundred men, attacked and carried the first barriers. The alarum bells rang, the drums beat to arms, the garrison rallied to the defence. The assaulting party pressed on, and many entered the town through the embrasures of a battery, and waged a stubborn

fight in the narrow streets, amid the storm and darkness. With the dawn of morning, they found themselves surrounded by an overwhelming force, and exposed to a withering fire from the houses. They therefore surrendered at discretion, to the number of four hundred men.

Arnold continued during the winter to maintain an ineffective siege, his command daily wasting away with small-pox, cold, and hunger. A party of three hundred and fifty loyal Canadians, under M. de Beaujeu, attacked his lines, but were repulsed with loss. The sympathy of the *habitans* was estranged by the military oppression and usurpation of the American "liberators." They were forced to part with their produce for bills of credit, which were uncurrent in the country, and their religious feelings were offended by the Protestant antipathies of the New England militia. Scanty reinforcements of the besieging army continued to arrive, till it numbered about two thousand men.

In April, the American Congress ordered that a strong force, with an ample supply of *materiel* of war, should be raised for the conquest of Canada; and Major-General Thomas, of Massachusetts, was despatched to take command of the army before Quebec. This energy, however, was manifested too late. Thomas arrived on the 1st of May, and found nearly half of the American force sick with small-pox, the magazines almost empty, and only six days' provisions in camp. The French sympathizers with the Americans, moreover, had become disaffected, and supplies were obtainable only with great difficulty. General Thomas decided on an immediate retreat to Three Rivers. The next day British ships arrived in the harbour, and before he could move his invalid army, the garrison of Quebec issued from the gates, a thousand strong, and fell upon his camp. The Americans fled precipitately, leaving guns, stores, provisions, and even their sick behind. The latter were humanely treated by Carleton, but many of the French insurgents paid the penalty of their revolt by the confiscation or destruction of their property. General Thomas, with his command, retreated amid great hardships to Sorel, where he soon died of small-pox, and was succeeded by General Sullivan. So ended the fifth and last siege of the rock-built fortress of Quebec.

Meanwhile, three American Commissioners, Benjamin Frank-

lin, Samuel Chase, and Charles Carroll, came to Montreal to urge the Canadians to join the revolted colonies against Great Britain. John Carroll, a brother of Charles, a Jesuit, who subsequently became Archbishop of Baltimore, also came, to exert his influence as an ecclesiastic with the Canadian clergy in promoting this object. But although there was on the part of the French some disaffection with British rule, it was not sufficient to make them take up arms to aid the revolt of the American colonies.

In the month of June, a British army of nearly ten thousand men, under Major-General Burgoyne, arrived at Quebec; and Brigadier-General Frazer, with twenty-five transports filled with soldiers, at once proceeded as far as Three Rivers, which was threatened by a force of fifteen hundred American militiamen. Frazer's troops landed and completely routed the enemy, making some two hundred prisoners. Sullivan, the American general, now withdrew his disorganized and plague-smitten army from Sorel to Isle-aux-Noix, and soon after to Crown Point, whither he was shortly followed by Arnold from Montreal. Thus ended in disaster and defeat the invasion of Canada during the Revolutionary War.*

John Lawrence had taken an early opportunity to join General Carleton at Quebec as a volunteer for the defence of that last stronghold of British authority in Canada. During the long months of the winter and spring, his friends at Montreal had heard nothing of him, so great were the difficulties of communication. The Americans carefully intercepted every letter or message from the besieged British garrison at Quebec. It was only with the greatest difficulty that General Carleton was able, by means of daring scouts skilful in the adoption of every sort of disguise, to keep up any communication with the British population of Montreal. His most trusty messenger was a loyal French Canadian, who more than once that dreary winter, in the disguise of a pedlar, with important despatches sewed inside of his fur cap, found his way through the beleaguering army around Quebec, and through the snow-laden forests to Montreal.

Great was the joy of the loyal English population of Montreal when they saw the last of the American troops, who had usurped the rule of the town, in full retreat across the river. The old Red

* Withrow's History of Canada, 8vo. Ed., pp. 277-281.

Cross flag was run up again on the flag-staff at the Government House with loyal cheers, and bonfires in the streets and an illumination of the houses at night testified the delight of deliverance from the unwelcome American domination. A few days after, a detachment of British red-coats and English militia marched into the town with colours flying and drums beating a joyous roulade. Among the weather-beaten, travel-stained militiamen was our friend John Lawrence. As the little troop marched into the barrack yard, hearty were the cheers and warm the greetings they received from their townsmen and kinsfolk. Paul Heck wrung his friend Lawrence's hand, and the latter gaily raised his Glengarry bonnet toward the window where, waving their kerchiefs, stood Barbara Heck and Mary Embury. Handing his musket to Heck, he rushed eagerly upstairs, unbuckling his knapsack as he went. Throwing the latter into a corner, he warmly shook hands with Barbara, who opened the door, and then tenderly embraced her blushing companion, exclaiming:

"Thank God, Molly dear, I see you safe once more."

"Thank God," she devoutly answered, "that you are spared to come back alive. Every day and almost every hour I've prayed for you. We heard of the terrible sickness, and I feared you would never return."

"I felt sure in my heart that you would," said brave-souled Barbara, "but it took all my faith to keep up Molly's courage."

"A sore winter we had of it," said John, "and the enemy worse than we. From my heart I pitied them, even though they were doing their worst against us."

"We never heard word or token how it fared with ye. Sore and sad was my heart many's the day for fear the fever or the famine, or the fire of the enemy, might destroy ye."

"How could man die better, Molly dear, than fighting for his King and for the righteous cause? The service was hard and the fare was poor. The besiegers were more than the defenders, and we were put on short allowance of food; but we were holding the key of the continent for good King George, and every man of us would have died rather than give it up. A queer old town it is, with walls all around just as if it was one big castle. And the grand sunrise and sunset views from the Citadel Hill—I never saw the like. But I found in the old town what we couldn't find here—that is, a Methodist preacher."

"Did ye now?" ejaculated Paul Heck. "And who was he? and where did he come from? And tell us all about the siege."

"His name was James Tuffy, a commissary in the 44th Regiment, and a right good man he was. He was one of Mr. Wesley's helpers in England, and he didn't leave his religion behind, as so many do who cross the sea. He had preaching in his own quarters in the barracks. It was a strange sight. The garrison was so crowded that we had to have hammocks swung in the casemates, which were looped up by day to give room to work the big guns. And he would sit on a gun-carriage with his Bible on a gun-breach, and preach and pray; and more than once the drums beat to quarters while he was preaching, and we had to seize our arms and rush to the walls, while the gunners blazed away with the big guns.

"I'll never forget the last day of the year, when we repulsed a double attack. It was a cold and stormy night. The snow fell fast, and the wind howled about the bastions, oh! so drearily. In the night the sentries on the wall by St. John's gate saw some signalling by lanterns in the enemy's trenches, and gave the alarm. The guard turned out, and a sharp fire was opened by a body of men concealed behind a snow-drift. A deserter had warned the General that an attack was to be made, and we were kept under arms all night. I was posted along with a battery of small guns at a block-house, at a place called the Pres-de-ville, just below the cliff; and cold work it was pacing up and down in the storm, and blowing our fingers to keep them from freezing. At last, amid the darkness, I thought I saw something moving on the road. I watched closely, and felt sure I was not mistaken. I told Sergeant McQuarters, who had command of the battery, and we were all on the alert.

"The enemy came nearer, halted, and one of them advanced to reconnoitre and then went back. The snow muffled every sound except our steady breathing or the click of a flint lock, and the howling of the wind. Presently they dashed forward at the double-quick. The gunners stood with their lighted matches in their hands, and when the head of the column came within range they blazed away with grape and shrapnel. The column was crushed back and shattered like an egg-shell, and we could hear the cries and groans of the wounded amid the dark.

"Just then we heard firing in the rear, and were called back to repulse an attack from the other side of the town. The enemy

swarmed over the walls and through the embrasures, and fought their way from house to house in the narrow street amid a blinding snow-storm. They were taken in front and rear by the garrrison, and penned in between the high cliff and the river, and were caught like rats in a trap, and we soon had four hundred of them prisoners. When day dawned we found Montgomery and his slain companions half buried in the drifts. The General lay on his back, far in advance, wrapped in his icy winding-sheet. His sword-arm frozen stiff, thrust through the snow, still grasped his naked sword.*

"One good result at least followed this dreadful fight in storm and darkness. We suffered no more assaults all winter long. But both sides endured great hardships. The enemy, in their snowy trenches and canvas tents, smitten with pleurisy and small-pox, died like sheep. It was dreadful. But they hung on like bulldogs, and never for an hour relaxed the strictness of the siege. We couldn't go outside of the gates for fuel, and had to break up the houses to bake our bread and cook our rations.

"At last, one morning in spring—it was May-day, and I'll always keep it as a holiday—the look-out on Citadel Hill cried out 'A sail! a sail!' We all crowded to the ramparts and walls, and there, slowly rounding the headland of Point Levis, was the van of the British fleet, with the dear old Union Jack flying at the peak. How we cheered and hugged each other, and laughed and cried by turns, and the drums beat a joyous roll, and the bugles blew a blithe fanfare, and the big guns fired a double royal salute, although it used up nearly the last of our powder With the flood-tide the fleet came sailing up the broad river, with their white sails swelling in the wind, like a flock of snowy swans, and the sailors manned the yards, and red-coats lined the bulwarks, and the bands played 'God Save the King' and 'Britannia Rules the Waves,' and our men shouted and sang, and Commissary Tuffy exhorted and prayed, and the old

* Forty-two years later the body of Montgomery was given up by the British to a kinsman, who had it removed to New York. From the windows of her cottage on the Hudson, his widow, then in extreme old age, beheld the vessel that bore his remains glide down the river past her doors. In the porch of the Church of St. Paul, in Broadway, amid the rush and roar of the ceaseless tide of traffic, stands the monument which commemorates his untimely and tragic fate.

Highlanders and their Cameronian sergeant all gathered in the King's bastion and sang, between shouts and sobs, the psalm :

"'Had not the Lord been on our side,
May Israel now say ;
Had not the Lord been on our side,
When men rose us to slay ;
They had us swallowed quick, when as
Their wrath 'gainst us did flame :
Waters had covered us, our soul
Had sunk beneath the stream.

"'Then had the waters, swelling high,
Over our soul made way.
Bless'd be the Lord, who to their teeth
Us gave not for a prey.
Our souls escapèd as a bird
Out of the fowler's snare ;
The snare asunder broken is,
And we escaped are.'

"Then they sang—

"'When Sion's bondage God turned back,
As men that dreamed were we,
Then filled with laughter was our mouth,
Our tongue with melody.'

"And the enemy in their trenches saw the ships and heard the guns, and they turned and fled like the army of Sennacherib, leaving their tents and their stores behind, and even their sick in their beds. And we went out and spoiled their camp, as the people of Samaria spoiled the camp of the Syrians, and we brought in their sick and wounded, and tended them as carefully as if they were our own."

Such was, in brief, the narrative, divested of its interruptions and amplifications, given by John Lawrence to his attentive auditory, of the terrible winter of the last siege of Quebec.

LEAN not on earth ; 'twill pierce thee to the heart ;
A broken reed at best, but oft a spear :
On its sharp point peace bleeds and hope expires.

—*Young.*

CANADIAN IDYLS, NUMBER IV.

STONEY CREEK.

BY WILLIAM KIRBY.

"For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime;
Young Lycidas, who hath not left his peer;
Who would not sing for Lycidas?"—*Milton.*

PART FIRST.

A SHAMEFUL and ungenerous war at best,
Waged ruthlessly despite the wise and good,
Too few to hinder it, had been declared
Against our King and country, in the name
Of that false Liberty, whose Phrygian cap
Set up on naked poles, proclaimed a birth,
Servile and alien to our kindred blood;
To all the great traditions of our race
In Freedom nurtured, as her true born sons.
Spring came, and wolfish winter fled amain.
Not unregretted; for thick rumours ran
Of armies gathering to invade us, when
The snow-drifts melted and the ice gave way
That long had barred our coasts. The savage war
Had been suspended by a truce, while lay
Our foes in frozen camps, sore stricken down
'Neath Brock's victorious sword that won Detroit,
And, flashing out again on Queenston Heights,
Passed them beneath the yoke, a captive host,
Making the red earth redder, where he fell,
And gave his own pure life that we might live.
Our Country's tears had fallen copiously
From hearts surcharged with sorrow, o'er his grave
Ungrassed as yet, 'mid guns and piled up balls,
Within a rugged bastion of Fort George.
There lay our soldier statesman, whose brave words
Had rung in trumpet tones throughout the land,
Bidding us rise for country and for King!
No vain appeal! For, like a forest fire
That makes its fuel as it rages on,
It seized all hearts—made each Canadian ten,
In strength and valour to resist the foe,
And guard from spoil their homes and native land.
The sun ascending the clear heights of May
Flooded the sky with silvery splendour, while

The earth stirred warm beneath the vital heat,
And woke to life the flowers, to joy the birds—
The birds that come in flocks like happy thoughts
To happy hearts—singing from tree to tree,
Mate answering mate, or fluttering two and two
In shady bowers secluded build their nests.
The tinkling cow-bells far within the woods,
With hum of insects many, caught the ear,
Beneath the young-leaved trees, all pale as yet
With pure and virgin freshness. The lush grass
In every glade and meadow, ankle deep,
Sprang up spontaneously—the gift of God
To His clean creatures made for use of man,
Besides great things and small, in varied forms
All for our sake created and called good.
Where Lake Ontario lays his stately head
In the broad lap of hills, that stretch away
To the long slopes of Flamboro', forest clad
With oak and beech, and many a spiry pine
Fast rooted on the crags, in high survey,
There stood a country mansion, broad and low;
Its walls, hewn from the forest, were well seen,
In neatness, purity and taste, to be
The home refined of some true gentleman.
Amid the broad surroundings of a farm,
Cleared from the wilderness in bygone years,
Were marks of culture and of woman's hand
Outside and in, that pleased the passer by.
Its trellised roses, clumps and shaven lawn,
With bowls to play the good old-fashioned game
Played by our ancestors, denoted ease,
Good humour, and good neighbourhood. And more:
A fair girl's face, so lovely and refined,
Canadian of an English stock—you knew
It was no other—from the lattice looked
Down the long sloping meadows, where a brook
Brawled loudly 'mid the stones that checked its course;
A cold, clear stream, where oft at early dawn
The lightfoot does would stop and slake their thirst,
Then lead their fawns back to the grassy nooks
Of glades well hidden from the hunter's eye.
A girl's face, still a woman's; her dark eyes,
Made for all joys, were moist with tears. Some grief
That comes to loving hearts, had come to hers.
But newly come, in sooth. Her maiden cheek—
Wild roses not more delicate of hue—
Had paled a shade or two. Her sunny smile,

The brightest ever flashed from woman's face,
Was for the first time ousted of its right
To dance amid the dimples. While a sigh,
In place of laughter, unreproved escaped
Her sweet, half-opened and expectant lips.
Her hands, more shapely than the sculptor's art
E'er carved on Parian marble, were close clasped,
And only sundered, as from time to time
She swept her dark hair back, to catch again
A sound like distant thunder in the air,
While her lips moved as if in silent prayer.
Her eyes were fixed upon the placid lake
That lay in its immensity of blue,
Enlarging ever broader from the hills
And tree-clad promontories. On the top
Of one, a beacon smoked—a mighty cloud,
Thick, black and startling, rose to heaven's height—
The signal of invasion! while the boom
Of distant cannon shook the silent air;
A heavy, deadly sound, that gathered up
A train of solemn echoes—passing o'er
The woods and waters of Ontario.
"O, mother! mother! listen!" cried the girl,
With anguish in her face, and upraised hands,
While fell her hair down in a sable flood:—
"Another day of battle! O, Great God!
Who gives us fathers, brothers, for our love,
Who cannot die for them, as they for us!"
Her mother sat immovable; a pain,
As of old wounds re-opened, rent her breast,
For she had seen the storms of war before,
Sweep down the Mohawk vales, where she was born,
Amid the castles loyal to the King.
"God give them victory!" the mother said,
"And spare those lives far dearer than our own!
It sounds like battle, but may only be
Rejoicing in the camp."
"Nay, but it is!
There's iron in the air!" the girl replied,
And clasped her mother round the neck. "I know
The sound of battle from rejoicing; since
We heard them both on Queenston's bloody day.
O, for a messenger to bring us news
That all is well!"
Some men who passed in haste
To their alarm posts, told her: "They had heard
Old Newark was assailed. The hostile fleet

That erewhile ravaged York, but failed to hold
The capital, had sailed again, to land
An army of ten thousand on our shores!
Our men were few and overmatched; but yet
The cannon booming faster, faster, told
A tale of desperate resistance. Not
Till all lay dead on the Canadian shore,
Should Dearborn land his host," the men averred,
And forthwith hastened to their rallying place.
The boom of distant cannon—peal on peal,
Kept on with ever-shorter interval,
The tremor shook the house, still more the hearts
Of its lone inmates—that fair girl we saw,
And her fond mother—as they knelt in prayer,
And wept and pleaded for God's help to aid
Those near and dear to them, who had gone down
To fight their country's battles with their foes.
For father, brothers, one; for husband, sons,
The other prayed. Five from that happy home
Had joined the camp at Newark, days ago;
The yeomen of the land, well trained and ranked
With royal troops, a choice but very few,
Assembled there to meet the multitude,
Who rumour said were coasting up the Lake,
Ten thousand strong, to take the loyal town.
No man had flinched. It was not in their blood
To yield to any—least of all to those
Once ranked as rebels to the Crown; and still
Friends of its foes, and foes of all its friends.
And there was none to tell how went the fight;
No news that all were safe for whom they prayed
If all were spared they loved; and Isa clasped
Her hands in anguish, for full well she knew,
Where hottest raged the battle on the shore,
Would one be found who loved her, in despite
Of maiden coyness and reserve, that feared
Herself far more than him. Her love was gone
Forever to young Basil of "The King's,"*
Who won her, ere she knew how weak her heart
In secret was for Basil; though, in sooth,
For reasons good, she trembled to avow
The love that should not be; that takes the eye
Of woman, ere she asks the reason why.
The beacons flamed and smoked with gathering wrath,
Far down the coast, on point and headland grim,

* The 8th, or King's Regiment, famous in American warfare.

And still the distant cannon jarred the air
With dull reverberations—sounds of woe
To loving ears that listened—raised fresh prayers
Of anxious women, after each discharge,
For those whose lives were dearer than their own,
For their dear country, dearer still than all,
And victory upon their nation's foes—
For loyal to their very garments' hem
Were our Canadian women in those days ;
As they are now—and will be evermore.
  The sun shone out, nor hasted to go down,
However eager eyes longed for the hour,
To end the battle with the shades of night,
As once on Gibeon, where he stood all day
'Gainst prayers of stricken men, and would not set,
To save the Amoritish host, that fled
Before the sword of Joshua, and still
More terrible, the stones of heaven that fell—.
(God's truth that smites rank falsehood on the brain)
To save the humblest servants of the Lord,
Who only do His work, and ask not why,
Bring wood and water to His altar ; they
Are His peculiar care, His Gibeonites,
Although not children of His covenant ;
For them His greatest wonderwork was done !
  The broad grey sky stretched endlessly away,
Without a cloud to dapple it, save one
Long purple bed that lay low in the west,
Befringed with gold, lifted from under heaven
To make the glorious couch of setting day.
The apple trees, asnow with blossom, stood,
A revelation of the inner world,
Whence comes their beauty, to the eyes of man,
Too often slow to catch the half it means.
The green grass in the meadows glowed more green
As fell the sunset rays athwart the land ;
The crocus, daffodil, and cowslip pale,
The violet, that shyest babe of Spring,
Peeping and spying from its tufts of leaves,
Together mixed their perfume with the breath
Of evening, when the bushes were astir
With new-come summer birds that flashed their wings,
And sang so joyfully it wrought a pain
To hearts untuned to hear their gladsome lays.
  For very desolate to-day appeared
The land, and deaf to music were the ears
Intent to catch the tidings no man brought,

"How went the battle?" and the women stood
Pale-lipped, with eyes that just held back the tears,
Like Sisera's mother at the lattice, far
Gazing along the hills, crying "in pain,
"Why come no tidings? Have our men not sped?
Our loyal men who went down to the fight
With hearts brave as their love was tender? Oh!
God give them victory whose cause is just!
Defending hearth and home 'gainst ruthless foes—
For King and country dying, if they must!
While their true women hope, and fear, and trust,
And deck their chambers with the freshest flowers,
And spread the couches soft for their repose,
Sharing their weal and woe unto the end."
The cannon ceased. They knew the fight was done,
And now the silence seemed more terrible
Than sounds of battle. Evening came, and night,
And still they watched; those faithful women all,
Till morn returned, when every flower and tree
Watered the earth with dripping dew, like tears,
As over some great sorrow that befell.
Then horsemen spurring came, all blood and mire,
With news: "The foe had landed! Newark town
Was in their hands! Its shores strewn with the dead
Of hundreds of our country's bravest men
Who fell in its defence, and hundreds more
Of foes, on land and water. Everywhere
Was reaped Death's bloody harvest, and the town
Was filled with dead and dying. Sullenly,
Retreating mile by mile to Burlington,
Our troops fall back, to rest and spring afresh
Upon the host that follows them—perchance
To its destruction; and so may it be!"
"And so it will be!" said the men; but who
Were safe and who had fallen, they but knew
In part, yet glad to answer cheerfully
The agonizing questions from the heart
That plucked reply, and would not be denied,
Till every name, but one, was mentioned o'er.
"The men of Flamboro' were safe," they said,
When last they saw them rearward in retreat,
Fronting the enemy with blow for blow.
But one name was unmentioned. All the while
It trembled on the lips of that fair girl,
Like moonlight on a ripple. Could you read
Love's language in its own true syllables,
As angels speak it, or as men once spake

The speech of Eden with one tongue, ere they
Fell into discord upon Shinar's plain,
You might have read that name on Isa's lip—
The name beloved of Basil of "The King's."

PART SECOND.

Next day the army came in slow retreat,
With stubborn ranks, like the ten thousand Greeks,
Though scarce ten hundred, numbered man by man.
They pitched their camp, and turned and stood at bay,
Across the Isthmus sheer on either side,
Amid the marshes (more than mountain tops
The refuges of freedom in all time),
And there bade stern defiance to the foe,
Who followed with wild fanfare of parade
And banners, drums, and proclamations thick
As snowflakes when the flocks are driving down
The mountain side—a noisy rout—nor know
What doom awaits them in the lowland plains.
The father now, and brothers, for a day
Had leave to quit the camp to visit home,
To fold and be enfolded in the arms
Beloved and loving of the dear ones there,
Who met them at the gate far down the lawn,
With tears of joy and kisses. One short hour
Of such a meeting to those loyal hearts,
Repaid them for all toils and dangers run.
And one more came and joined the eager group
Upon the broad verandah, where the theme
Was of the war, its losses, glories, gains,
And all the incidents of land and lake,
With sighs of tender pity for the maimed
And dead of their defenders, whom they knew;
With many a heart-throb of a hope assured
Of victory ere long, upon their foes,
Now drawing nigh to meet their sudden doom.
The one who came was Basil of "The King's,"
And Isa blushed, and drooped an instant down
Her dark, soft eye-lashes, in hope to hide
The light within. She felt a flash like pain,
Of some great joy. Nor could her hand keep down
The sudden heart-beat as she welcomed him
With hard enforced composure. He had been
A very Paladin in deeds of arms
Throughout the bloody fray at Newark. None
Had been more brave and helpful in the field,

Playing the deadly game like chess, as cool
And wary to withhold, as prompt to strike.
A soldier with the seed in him, that grows
With time into a hero of the age.
A handsome youth, indeed; strong, straight of limb,
Tall, tawny-haired, with face that got its bloom
Where salt sea-breezes overblow the shores
Of that fair land of old,—Deïra called,
Whose children in the Roman Forum stood
When Gregory passed. "*Hi Angeli!*" said he,
"*Non Angli sunt!*" and looked amazed. "They are
Too beautiful for heathen, lost to God!
Angels, not Angles! Were the Gospel sent
Among them, they were chiefest of the earth!
The world's great rulers in the times to come!"
Of that fair race was Basil of "The King's."
A man to love, and Isa loved him well;
Nor guessed her love's immeasurable height.
A man to fear; for if he went astray
With his great intellect the gloomy road
Of doubt, denial, lack of faith in God,
A soul perverted, which, if guided right,
Had been a morning star to men that wake
In the third watch at dawning of the day,
To show the world a new and better way;
Like him who fell like lightning from the stars
Of knowledge into darkness, so at last
Would fall young Basil, like a temple struck
In all its parts, pillar, and arch, and roof,
Tumbled in heaps on its foundation stones.
Nature had moulded him a form for use
Of all things good and true, and yet at heart
He was a heathen. Only things he saw
And felt, and weighed, and measured by the rules
Of science, and what seemed philosophy,
Believed he. Perfect in the sense of things
Material; but in things above the sense,
That man has common with the birds and beasts—
The suprasensual, spiritual, divine,
Discreted in the soul of man, and fenced
As was Mount Sinai, when God spake the law,—
In these believed he not. To all the grand
Preludes of immortality that fill
The universe and heart of humbler men,
Basil was blind and deaf—insensible,
Though touch divine did touch him in the eye
And ear, without response; for he had framed

A labyrinth of vain imaginings,
Axioms of cold negations, winding stairs
That led to nothing and from nothing sprung—
As true to seeming as geometry;
As empty too of substance, being but
A shape without a body—nothing more!
Or body of mere dust without the breath
God breathes in it to make a living soul.
A quaint old manor-house upon the wolds
That overlooked the Northern Sea, his home,
And home of a long line of ancestors,
Inherited by him, an orphan left,
Without a mother's lips to teach him prayer,
Or father's lessons, mightier to mould
The plastic mind than all in after years
Can do or undo. For the primal truths
Of home and its affections in the heart,
Set like the stones of Jordan in the ford,
Remain for ever; although covered oft
In after life with floods, they still emerge
At the subsidence, firm, and broad, and safe,
For life's departing footsteps, as they cross
The darksome river to the shores beyond,
Where stand the beckoning angels, crying "Come!"
At thousand paths, to lead us up to dwell
With those that we love best, for evermore.
With heedless guardians, who gave little care
What wrong or rank opinions he imbibed,
Young Basil, with a soul susceptible
As crystal to the lights and hues of truth,
Absorbing darkness too, when light was gone,
Plunged in a sea of books. A fearless lad,
Breasting the breakers like a dolphin, glad
To sport on sunny waves, or diving down
In reckless venture of youth's hardihood,
Into the depths and darknesses profound,
Where dwell the old leviathans of doubt:
Lucretius, Hobbes, Voltaire, and Bolingbroke,
With others still more earthy of our times,
Who rake amid the dust of mundane things,
To prove the bestial descent of man.
Their boldness caught the boy at vantage, then,
Even as a whirlwind to its vortex draws
Loose and unstable things, in sunless gloom
Of cold materialism, taught him fast
Knowledge of good and evil, plucked the fruit
And gave him, and he ate; and deemed it good

To teach himself, and not be taught of God ;
As once in Eden man ate, and was wise
In shame of self ; but all unwise to Him
Who walks amidst Life's garden in the cool
Of twilight, calling : "Adam ! where art thou ?"
Oh ! happy he who hides not from that voice
In his transgression ! but will hear the Word
Of Life in life—without which all is vain,
Philosophies are nought, and science dead.
But strong was Basil's nature ; underneath
The gorget of a loyal soldier, beat
His heart with all the instincts of his race :
Courage and honour, love of truth, and more
Than common love for his dear country. He
Was proud of her renown in arts and arms,
Empire and Freedom, crowned from ancient days
With regal splendour "by the grace of God."
No empty formula ! he granted that,
And liked the phrase, expressive of a thing
Needed for human governance. If law
Were without sanction greater than the man's
Who made it, greater than or King or State,
And without power that in itself is right,
As warrant for authority—why, then,
Justice were nought ; obedience, policy ;
And moral good but selfishness refined,
Earthy in all its elements, and vile.
Young Basil's bark struck on this dangerous rock,
That lay mid-stream in all his reasonings,
Threatening destruction to them, as they sank
Loaded with logic of false premises
And Godless arguments. In vain he strove
To catch them sinking, by the floating locks,
To rescue them, but could not. One by one
They ever would escape his strongest grasp,
And leave him struggling in the turbid flood
Unanswered, angry at himself and them,
Blinded with sun-glare.
Art alone for him
With its ideal, like a living soul
In things material, the flash and warmth
Of spheres supernal, sometimes raised the veil
Just for a glimpse, and let it fall again
Before he caught the vision's perfect form.
For earth and heaven compose God's oldest book
By His own fingers writ in hieroglyphs,
Significant of meanings all divine,

Which none interpret but the truly wise
Who learn in God's way, not in man's, to read.
Whence comes the bright ideal, flashing through
A skyrift in the heavens, when we feel
That nature's pulses synchronize with ours?
Whence? But that nature is our outward self,
And all her parts but portions of the whole
Grand harmony complete in perfect man!
The soul as in a mirror sees itself
Reflected in the universe of things,
As God in all that's good and true. We catch
A glimpse as of a distant summer sea,
Glowing like glass beyond the thunderous clouds
Of this life's tempests, till with eager oar
We launch our boat and seek the evermore!
Sometimes in better moods, young Basil felt
The stirrings of a Spirit, not his own,
That wrestled with him till the sinew shrank
Of his strong self-hood; as in Peniel once,
A stronger man than he was overthrown
Contending with the Angel all night long,
And by God's truth was vanquished.
Basil thus
Felt oft his powers of reason halt and lame,
In the vast presence of life infinite,
And overwhelming forces above man's.
He cried for light—more light!—as Ajax prayed
For light, to fight life's battle in the day,
And not to die in darkness! Who can live
Upon loose sand-hills of negations, blown
By arid winds for ever to and fro?
Not Basil! too clear-eyed and full of heart
To live *in vacuo*; "For something is,
And must be!" said he; "What, I know not! but—
Those wretched buts! that tangle up the skein
Of our existence on the reel of life
The wrong way winding!—Isa! canst thou help?
Women alone, methinks, these riddles solve!"
The roses flushed upon her damask cheek:
"Yes, Basil!" said she, "if we pray in love
For truth to live by it,—'tis not withheld!
It comes in ways unseen by us, but sure,
As day will follow with the risen sun.
There is a cliff that ends the world—the which
We talk of in our childhood and believe,
And find it when we die. Upon its top
Philosophy and Science, be they wise,

Will wait in faith the rising of the sun—
God's light that comes enlightening the soul.
"When men with crucible and glasses rare,
Have analyzed creation to its dust,
In search of primal life, and find it not;
Upon that cliff they too will take their stand,
And gaze disconsolate at the abyss
Of roaring seas, the vast beyond, to them
Unknowable; nor boat nor Charon find
To cross the ocean of the infinite
Divide, that separates them from the true,
The spiritual, the immortal life."
Her face angelic glowed as she went on
With heart-beats quicker—"Yet, O Basil! know
Amid that flood is easy pathway found!
When the wise virgins come with lamps alit,
To lead night's pilgrims through the wastes of doubt,
To life beyond the boundaries of the dark!
The triune mystery of the universe
Gives up its secret and its sign to those,
And only those, who know the name divine,
And speak it as their password at the gate,
Where all who ask receive, who seek shall find,
Truth, knowledge, peace, and rest for souls perplexed.
The Lord of light and love denies us never!"
Her words struck Basil forcefully. He turned
With wilful indirectness of reply;
While beamed his face a glad and sunny smile—
"Yes, Isa, darling! On an eve like this,
Of balmy May, with all the west aglow
In gold and crimson glory, with one spot
Triply resplendent where the sun descends,
Broadening upon the horizon, full of peace,
With all things beautiful and beautified,
One well may grant your postulate; and when
I look into those wondrous eyes of thine,
Beaming with light seraphic, as the moon
Floods half the heaven until it dims the stars
In thy dear presence, I can truly feel
The immortality of love."
"Methinks,
Most things die duly in their time. When ripe,
Their uses end stored up in seeds and husks,
For new beginnings of th' eternal round
Of earth's existences. A grain of sand
In little is an image of the world;
It has its axis and equator, all

The primal forces in it are the same
As rule the universe. A higher law
Lifts man above the level of the rest
With heart and intellect; nor is he doomed,
I fain would hope, to vanish at the last,
Like morning mist that melts into the blue."

Beneath the stately pines, shot through and through
With slanting rays, they sat, and Isa's eyes
Beamed with soft lights; but all of love and joy.
Some dawning thoughts, half-risen, flashed along
Her heart's horizon, and she felt and knew,
As every woman knows, love's lightest touch,
By her divinest instinct to be true.
"I cannot reason, Basil! if I would"—
Her voice was low and laden with her love—
"Can only think, as woman thinks of one
Who sways her being, as they say the moon
Draws all the tides of ocean in her wake.
I cannot give thee reasons, I have none,
Save that my heart knows it unerringly.
The weak, untutored infant in the arms
Of its fond mother, from her speaking eyes
Learns things ineffable; but no less sure,
More sure, than after-reason ever knows,
With painful questioning and high debate,
When men build up a Babel to the skies."

"My Basil!" said she, pausing as she spake,
And wondering if he deemed her overbold;
With gentle hand she wished to touch, not pierce,
Those stubborn thoughts of his and soften them.
She thought upon a scene one summer day,
When she, with troops of maidens bearing flowers,
And wreathing them in garlands as they passed,
Greeted the gallant soldiers of "The King's."
Love that day smiled upon her, as she gave
The roses she had gathered, dreaming not
Of what would happen her; caught by his looks
And gentle thanks, she blushed, confused to feel
Her cheek was all aglow, and blushed the more,
Of some vexation conscious in herself,
Hoping her weakness had escaped his eye,
Yet knew it had not, and she fain had quenched
In ocean depth, the sudden fire that burned
Her cheek as she abruptly turned aside.

"My Basil!" said she, "in what wondrous way,
Not Chance nor Fate—these are blind things, indeed;
But God's own providence it was that led

The vergent currents of our lives to join!
Young Basil smiled as one at rest and ease,
Nought lacking to him; for as yet his doubts
Were robust, healthy, ignorantly wise,
Because sincere, but faith in God, a stone
Laid on his back and borne uphill with pain.
Yet full of youth, a hardy mountaineer,
He stretched his limbs and tossed his tawny locks
On crags of doubt; abysses under him
Were unregarded as he dashed amid
The thickening mists, nought fearing, life or death.
But one more fair than Hero held the torch
Above Abydos now. The Asian shore,
God's continent, seemed nearer than before!
"Yea, granted all, my Isa! if nor Chance
Nor Fate, blind forces, witless what they do,
Brought me this happiness, this sense of rest
In full assurance of thy love; why then,
An overruling God it was who led
The vergent currents of our lives to join.
And when I look into those eyes of thine,
Veiling their glance of tenderness and joy,
I make acknowledgment, and mutely own
That when that mocking master said: '*Si Dieu,*
N'existait pas il faudrait l'inventer,'
He spake more truth, and better than he knew."
"Thank God for that, my Basil!" she replied;
"'He spake more truth, and better than he knew,'
And yet a good man said it not. His speech
Contained no reverence. Not so taught He
Who teaches us, as children, to believe
In God above all worlds, and things therein.
That primal truth, Science must postulate,
Or wander blind throughout the universe
With groping staff—a beggar asking alms
Of all creation sooner than of God!
If such the law, that law we must accept.
God's words and works fitly conjoin in one
True harmony. When rightly understood,
We may discern the inner side of things,
Reflected here in grand respondencies
Of truth, and love, and beauties manifold.
Nor less, alas! in vile deformity
Where evil mixes. Thus in part we see
By what is made, the things unseen—the end
And meaning of ourselves and of the world.
As in the mount of God the prophet saw

The types of all things sacred, that should be,
So Art sees its ideals, yet unborn—
The groups that on the uncoloured canvas glow,
The shapes that hide within the unchiselled stone;
And Science grasps the fitting key, unlocks
The secret of the universe to man.
Thus reach we Wisdom; not with painful search,
Treading a flinty path with naked feet,
But pleasantly, as loitering on the grass
Of verdant meads!

"The concord that we feel
Of nature with ourselves in higher moods—
Men call it art, or poetry, or taste,
Or sympathy with what is beautiful—
Springs from the one humanity, pervades
All things, as the true outcomes of ourselves.
Thus all Creation images the man;
As man his Maker.

"But, my Basil! oft
Our thoughts are in eclipse of our own selves,
As in the West at evening to our gaze,
What comes between us and the sun seems dark,
With its long shadows stretching to our feet."
He gravely smiled as not incredulous,
And touched her cheek with gentle finger-tip,
As one sure of her answer, nor afraid.
"What just conclusions draws my Isa hence?
I think I know."

"And I know not," she said.
"I draw conclusions none. Such thoughts to me
Come without speech, they come spontaneously,
Flow past me like a brook, and I but dip
My hand to catch some drops up to my lip
In full assurance of clear light above
Life's doubts and darknesses just as one knows,
In winter's gloomiest day above the clouds
The glorious sun is shining in his strength.
My Basil! listen! Sitting here at ease
Upon this height, amid the waving grass,
With pencil in my hand but idly used,
And looking not *against*, but *with* the sun,
The landscape's full embodiment I see.
A sunbeam must be followed where it falls;
And then all things appear to order due,
Distinct in figure, true in line and hue.
'Tis wise philosophy to think with God,
Most wise to orient our lives with Christ."

He grasped both hands in his, as one who loves
A woman doubly, and with reverence kissed,
And she withdrew them not; but gently said,
Her dark eye softening, as in search of pain
She found not :—
"Basil, Christ hath touched thy heart,
Not I! Not I! His humblest instrument,
Without a reason other than my love
To offer thee. 'Tis womanly, they say,
Our gift, to know without a reason, what
To man comes reasonably; merit none
Have we in this. Nay, haply more have you
Who seek by tortuous quest to solve the doubts
Made clear to us, who only sit and wait,
Like children holding fast the garment's edge
Of Christ, believing Him, and ask no more."

ENGLISH CHIMES IN CANADA.*

BY HENRY SCADDING, D.D., TORONTO.

In 1792, what we now call the Province of Ontario was a tangled wilderness; as much so as the unoccupied parts of Manitoba and Keewaytin are at this moment; and much more difficult of access than they are. And now, in little more than three-quarters of a century, what do we see? We see everywhere in the regions earliest settled, a country all but transformed into a second England.

Travel where you will, in the Niagara District, in the Home District, in the domain ruled over from 1803 to 1853 by the ever-to-be-remembered pioneer, Colonel Talbot; in the tract opened up by the never-to-be-forgotten Commissioner of the Canada Company, John Galt, and his equally memorable co-labourer and "warden of the forests," Dr. Dunlop; in the quarters settled by Mr. Peter Robinson's emigrants; in the parts first reclaimed from a state of nature by the gallant Glengarry highlanders: travel where you will in any of these parts, now,

* Read in St. James's School-room, Toronto, March 15th, 1880, at a meeting held to promote a projected enlargement of the four dials of the clock in St. James's steeple.

and you are startled by the change which human industry, and energy, and perseverance have wrought; startled with the magnificent aggregate result of individual isolated labour.

The saying has been fulfilled: "In due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not." The "due season" has come; if not to the toilers themselves in every instance, it has come to us of the generation that has followed them. Clearing has now touched clearing. Settlement has met settlement. Fair farms are spread out before the view, as on a gigantic plan or map. Broad spaces are to be seen ploughed over with mathematical precision; the perfect parallelism of the furrows, and long drill-sown lines of grain, causing them to seem, by a curious illusion of perspective, to be in the act of radiating off, like the spokes of a wheel, from a centre in the distance, as the spectator is borne swiftly past them in the train. Countless fields, all smooth and clean: here, grass and meadow; there, wheat, rye, the stately maize, and cereals of every name; with pulse, roots, gourds, esculents of every form; acres of garden; acres of nursery ground; acres of apple-orchard; in favoured regions, acres of peach-orchard and acres of vineyard; acres of enclosures for the lesser fruits—the numerous summer or winter berries.

And in keeping with these scenes of plenty and advancement, there are the solid homestead dwellings distributed plentifully about, almost everywhere now in view of each other; each with its roomy surroundings of spacious sheds, granaries, stabling, and cattle-housings; and often its tasteful pleasure-grounds, its tree-shadowed avenue of approach, its handsome entrance-gates. Add vehicles for locomotion, cleverly adapted to their several purposes; and public highways, broad and well-kept, graced here and there with a survivor of the primitive wood, less frequently, perhaps, than one might desire, assuming now grand dimensions and a picturesque venerableness.

What are all these things but so many reproductions of, and in some respects improvements on, the old mother-land, only under a sky more cloudless, amidst an air more transparent? But how many ages were destined to roll over the primeval hills and dales of that mother-land, before its sons and daughters were in the enjoyment of anything like the refinements, the household comfort, the facilities for neighbourly intercourse which

their late descendants have managed to surround themselves with, on this new continent, in less than one century?

It is a pleasant and a proud thing to call to mind, too, that not only here, on this North American continent, but throughout the habitable globe, wherever the colonist from the Britannic islands has obtained a foothold, a like successful subjugation of the earth, a like happy adornment of its surface, a like conversion of its products into material wealth, and appliances for a worthy human life, have been going quietly on; until there, also, as well as here, the general result is equally startling.

And now, finally, throughout the vast and varied area of this Greater Britain which has thus developed itself, one more trait, a crowning one, of the Lesser Britain, has of late years been here and there added.

England, we are assured, long ago acquired the pleasant epithet of "merry," from its bells, rung with peculiar science, skill, and taste, at stated times on week-days and on Sundays, in almost every one of her countless towers. (Continental Europe, we know, has its bells; but they are there, as a rule, handled in a tumultuous, disorderly, inharmonious way. I speak, of course, not of the celebrated *carillons à clavier* of Belgium and other regions, but of peals in the English sense.) The English, for 300 years at least, have transformed bell-ringing into a regular Art or Mystery. It has had amongst them its guilds for the cultivation of the Art; as, for example, the ancient "Society of College Youths," in whose ranks Sir Matthew Hale is said to have rung, and other men of great note. It has its own technical terms, indicative of the ingenuity and intricacy of its processes:

> "From Eight alone
> The musical Bob-major can be heard;
> Caters with tenors behind, on Nine they ring;
> On Ten, Bobs-royal; from Eleven, Cinques;
> And the Bob-maximus results from Twelve."

Its literature, also—the literature of Bell-ringing—is considerable. The English work entitled "Campanologia," treating copiously on this subject, first published in 1677, appeared for the third time, enlarged and improved, in 1733. Lukis's book, and Gatty's, on the Bell, are late contributions; as are also the interesting treatises by Sir Edmund Beckett and Mr. James

W. Benson on this subject, and the kindred one, of Public Clocks.

The ringing of Tower bells by means of cords and levers, now enables one man to execute a peal. The full power of the bell is not brought out in this way, and orthodox ringers cannot but be expected to look with great disdain on the contrivance. But the convenience accruing to congregations and vestries is obvious.

And now, as I have said, the finishing touch to the general likeness to England has been given to Canada by the introduction there, in several localities, of chimes or peals, musically adjusted, so that the proper permutations or changes can be rung upon them by human hands, either directly or through the intervention of keys.

Time was, some forty years ago, when among the chiefest of the pleasures anticipated from a visit to the "old country," as we speak, was the hearing once more of a peal of bells, rung in the "old country" scientific way. The emigrant, after long years of absence, not only desired to see again the old grey tower whose shadow fell upon the graves of his relatives and former friends and neighbours, but he yearned, also, to hear the pleasant sounds from its belfry, which charmed him in his childhood; and it is believed that in not a few instances a toilsome, costly, and perilous expedition to the mother-country was undertaken mainly to gratify this sentimental longing of the heart.

Who can forget the experiences of those days? What native of the ancient city of York, in England, for example, after an exile of twenty or thirty years in the very humble Canadian town of the same name, but carried with him to his dying day a vivid remembrance of the exquisite moment when he heard once more the Minster bells? The like may be said, of course, of many an emigrant in the olden time from Canterbury, from Worcester, from Shrewsbury, from Leeds, from the Lincolnshire Boston, from Croydon, from Saffron Walden, and a crowd of other towns famous for their peals of bells.

Or to speak of the same kind of gratification on a narrower scale and in obscurer place: how deep, how real was the joy, even to tears, when, after painful tossings on the ocean, and many a tedious calm; after delays in port and intervening towns; detentions in various parts by business or duty; after long traversing of hill and dale and plain, sunny coach-road and shady

lane, a man found himself at last within earshot of the bells, the very modest peal, probably, of his own native village—his old Stoke Gabriel, his old Dittisham, his old Dunkeswell, his old Tedburn, or whatever else might chance to be the honest name which, from the time of the Domesday-book, and long before, it had borne.

Ah! he had enjoyed other sounds by the way—the lark in the sky, the redbreast in the hedge, the cuckoo or nightingale in the distant copse. But here was a sound which made him realize the most touchingly of all, the fact that he was now "home in the old country."

One other experience associated with the sound of bells in the beloved mother-land I will not forget, as characteristic of a past time, although, perhaps, not unmixedly "merry." It is that of the crude young man from Canada, bent on seeing the world and acquiring knowledge as best he could, some fifty years since. Familiar from his infancy only with the sights and sounds, the ideas and customs of a petty settlement in the thick of a Canadian forest, who can forget the first night, at or about that period, passed in London—mysterious, solemn, wonderful London? Lying wakeful in his solitary chamber, in a veritable hostelry of Dr. Samuel Johnson's era, in the heart of "the city," at the Belle Sauvage, we will suppose, or the Bull and Mouth, or the historic Blossoms Inn, in Lawrence Lane, did he not listen in a kind of stupor to the multitudinous bells to the east and west of him, to the north and south of him, sounding out from clock-towers and steeples far and near—

"From Bride's, St. Martin's, Michael's, Overy's, Bow,"

with their chimes and quarter-chimes; while ever and anon there came booming from St. Paul's the final authoritative determination of all differences, in tones how preternaturally deep and awe-inspiring! How thoroughly did these sounds make the raw stripling from the woods feel that he was indeed in a strange place; that he had come within the precincts of another world; with what a sense of loneliness did it fill him; to what a depressing insignificance did it reduce him!

The experience again was similar when he found himself at his inn, in the other great cities, as, for example, in the university towns of Oxford and Cambridge, each of them a kind of

second Moscow for belfry-music. But soon, in these last-named places, did the morbid sense of solitude and isolation pass away, after the world-wide famous Christ Church bells, and the equally-renowned peal of Great St. Mary's had fallen a few times upon the ear.

I have not attempted to detail the experience of pilgrims from this continent to heathery Scotland and green Ireland. I am sure that in many an instance it was similar. If peals rung in the English way do not abound in Scotland, it is certain that there are music bells arranged for the execution of national and other airs in the Tron Church in Glasgow, and in St. Giles's, Edinburgh; and in the latter city I observe that the Lord Provost, Sir William Chambers, has quite recently undertaken, at his own cost, to put in order and render serviceable twenty-three ancient public music bells, as also a peal of eight in St. Giles's. And as to Ireland, there are, as not a few here could testify, English peals in many places, as, for example, in the cathedral of St. Patrick, so munificently restored, bells and all, in 1867, by the late Sir Benjamin Guinness. Also, as I know, in Derry, in Limerick, and in Cork; and I doubt not there has been many an Irishman besides Francis Mahoney ready, on re-visiting the latter place after a long absence, to say as he does of a famous peal near that city:

"I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine;
While at a glibe rate
Brass tongues would vibrate—
But all this music
Spoke not like thine;

"For memory dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling
In bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee."

And not wholly to omit Wales: I am personally aware that English peals are frequent there; and that enthusiastic ringers

from that romantic, proud, and musical Principality have been, and perhaps still are, resident amongst us.

And now, as I have already intimated, these sounds of the other hemisphere, so long mere matters of report, or sentimental recollection amongst us, are beginning to be transferred to the American continent—like the London sparrow, and, *in prospectu*, the lark (for the lark, we may suppose, will in due time be heard here, after the Duke of Argyle's suggestion). To the many signs and symbols of advanced civilization in Canada, the crowning trait of merry England has, here and there, been added. No longer now need the emigrant from the British Islands traverse the wide Atlantic to satisfy an old hunger of the heart in this regard. As he sits under his own vine and his own fig tree, in the country of his adoption, he can, in an increased number of localities, hear now the chimes from a church tower—

> "Falling at intervals upon the ear
> In cadence sweet! now dying all away,
> Now pealing loud again, and louder still!
> Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on."

We have gained something by all this; but we have lost something, too. We have lost the exquisite freshness of the gratification referred to when now we encounter it on our occasional visits to the old mother-land for recreation or business.

In a multitude of other respects besides, no longer can the sons and daughters of Ontario have the same keen sense of surprise and enjoyment which their predecessors of the generation passing away so delightfully had, when translated in years gone by, from their usual haunts here to the shores of Great Britain and Ireland, so assimilated have we become to the mother-land in all our surroundings, in city, town, and country.

The places, however, are, as yet, not very numerous in Canada where a peal of church bells, rung in the scientific way, is to be heard. At Quebec there has been one rung in the English style, in the English cathedral, since about the year 1830. Christ Church, Montreal, has not yet been provided with a peal, but it has a *horloge*, which gives the quarters. St. Thomas's Church, in Montreal, has a peal, and the Church of St. James the Apostle is shortly to have one, as I hear. The cathedral of Fredericton has a peal, and also a clock with quarter chimes. St. Ann's,

Fredericton, has likewise a peal; and the church at *Baie des Vents,* New Brunswick, has a peal. St. Paul's, Halifax, the oldest church in Halifax, still a structure of wood, has a peal. In Newfoundland, an English peal has not yet been heard; but in two places there is a prospect of one. I note, in passing, a remarkable bell at Greenspond, in that island, on account of the beautiful inscription which it bears, in Latin, after the manner of bells in many of the ancient peals,—"Cano misericordiam et justitiam." ("I sing of mercy and judgment.")

In Newfoundland, as my friend and neighbour, Mr. Pearson, informs me, flags in a great measure take the place of bells. The settlements, for the most part, are at the edge of the sea. When Divine service is about to be held, a flag is run up, as a notification of the fact, to the inhabitants on the adjacent coasts. In London, Canada West, as we used to speak, there is a peal; and in the city of Hamilton there is a peal, but not appertaining to the principal church. In the ancient town of Niagara is a peal, in the tower of St. Mark's there, the munificent gift of the Messrs. Dickson, in 1877. In Whitby there is a peal in the Church of All Saints; and at St. Bartholomew's Church, near Ottawa, there is to be forthwith a peal, the gift of Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise of Lorne.

The Cathedral Church of St. James, Toronto, has been in possession of a peal since the year 1865. It is a peal of nine, secured principally through the exertions of the late Thomas Denny Harris. The weight of the largest bell is 4,857 pounds, and that of the smallest 590 pounds. They were, at the outset, occasionally rung by amateur bell-ringers, of whom a goodly few were discovered in Toronto and the neighbourhood, and are, doubtless, latent there still. But the bells are now ordinarily rung by means of ropes attached to the clappers, and passing down to levers below, working in a frame. Mr. Rawlinson, who first presided at this apparatus, soon made the public ear in Toronto familiar with the beautiful permutations of which a peal of nine, handled in the English scientific manner, is capable. In addition to the peal, the tower of St. James's was enriched in 1875 by the acquisition of the "Great Benson Clock," the noble gift of citizens to the Cathedral, on the occasion of the completion of its tower and spire. This clock marks the quarters of each successive hour by a certain combination of musical

notes exactly copied from the clock in the tower of the Palace of Parliament at Westminster, which itself is a reproduction of the clock in the belfry of Great St. Mary's, in Cambridge.

Thus, then, step by step, from east to west, has the English chime or peal, harmoniously rung, been extended, and, step by step, we expect it further to extend; and by the time the wave of pleasant sounds has reached the sources of the Saskatchewan, we may feel pretty sure that it will be met by a like undulation moving eastward from British Columbia, where the customs of Old England are, of course, being encouraged and propagated as determinedly as they are here.

Speaking of England and her military posts scattered over the face of the "round world," the memorable words of the American orator, Daniel Webster, were: "Her morning drum-beats, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circle the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England." I would rather that we should have it in our power to trace the course of England's march by the advance round the globe of other sounds than martial airs and the drum-beat. In chimes or peals, understood in the English sense and handled in the English way, introduced in an increasing number of places, let us see an omen of the better future. For they ought to be, and I think they generally are, in every community where they are to be heard, the symbols of English sentiment present there—English heartiness, English tolerance, English freedom, civil and religious.

I add here, that in the United States there are blood-brethren of ours who are as intent as ourselves on transferring to their midst this especial English element. Already, at Buffalo and Detroit, peals of bells, scientifically rung, salute the ear of dwellers on the Canadian shore, just as the sweet tones of the chime in the venerable St. Mark's, at Niagara, are regarded as a boon amongst our neighbours on the New York side of the river. And, doubtless, in the coming age, all along the line which is the common limit of the two countries, from Lake Superior to the Pacific, happy interchanges of this kind will be taking place.

I do not think that many of the inhabitants of the places I have named would now willingly forego their chimes and peals. Such things help to make men love their homes and feel satisfied with the land where their lot is cast. They shed a grace on the

place of their abode, and minister to the cheerfulness of the scene of their daily avocations. Young and old, gentle and simple, get to be proud of them, where they exist; and they become a kind of public heirloom of the community, which must be guarded and maintained. To the poor they yield one of the few luxuries which they know. To the unlettered and dull-witted they are oftentimes as "songs without words," expressing, for them, natural emotions which they could not themselves interpret in speech. For this, the tutored ear puts up with the thin music of the psalm-tune or secular air, while relishing chiefly the peals and changes.

As to an injunction, said in the public papers to have been lately obtained against the bells of a church in Philadelphia,—in all probability there was some exceptional self-assertion on the part of those who had the control of them. If so, the injunction was just. We must beware of egotism and selfishness even in bell-ringing. It would be well to suspend on the walls of the bell-chamber, in city churches, some such reminder as this, in the monkish style, but not in the monkish spirit:

> "Nolis intempestivis
> Jure irascitur civis,"

with the interpretation added:

> "With knolls out of season
> Your neighbour quarrels, with reason."

A mediæval theory was, that it is the duty of towns to follow closely the routine of the monastery. The attempt to reduce such a theory to practice was, of course, Quixotic. But this only in passing.

We of this generation have relinquished the superstitions which, in the matter of bells, were inculcated among our forefathers when in a somewhat low condition of civilization. In giving an imitation of a monkish distich, just now, I slightly anticipated myself. There is a short series of jingles of this kind which I have decided to read to you, simply as curiosities, some of them alluding to the superstitions from which we have been relieved. You are already familiar with portions of this series. You will remember the "Vivos voco: mortuos plango: fulgura frango," prefixed to Schiller's Lay of the Bell; and the

"Sabbata pango: funera plango: solemnia clango," at the head of Francis Mahoney's (Father Prout's) "Shandon Bells." You will also recall duplicates of several of them in the Prologue to Longfellow's Golden Legend, where the "Powers of the Air" are represented as trying to tear down the cross on the spire of Strasburg Cathedral.

Of the same stamp as the "Fulgura frango," "I quell the lightning flashes," quoted by Schiller, are those given by Longfellow: "Dissipo ventos," "I disperse the winds,"—where, under "winds," the evil "spirits of the air" are included—and "Pestem fugo," "I drive off the plague." We know, now, if any such effects as these were ever observed to follow the clang of the mediæval bell, they were due, not to any virtue in its metal, but to the hearty prayers of Christian men and Christian women put up at the bidding of the sound; or else, under God, that is to say, in accordance with a law of His, to a salutary agitation in the particles of the air, produced by concussion, such as is sought to be brought about in one of the cases contemplated, viz., the approach of pestilence, even in modern times occasionally, by the firing off of heavy ordnance.

As to the other functions of the Bell, as enumerated by the monastic versifiers, we shall be quite willing to say of our modern chimes and peals that they likewise perform them.

Let me read you the whole list, in a completer form than is usually to be met with. I have collected together the parts from Brand's Popular Antiquities, Sir Henry Spelman's Glossary, and other books, in which they lie dispersed, with many discrepancies in the sequence and substance of the clauses. I shall venture to give you the Latin lines themselves for the sake of the sound, in which, I suppose, the ring of an old rude peal is intended to be, to some extent, imitated, before the scientific order, peculiarly insisted on in England, was thought of.

The chief Bell speaks:

En ego campana: nunquam denuncio vana.
Vox mea vox vitae: voco vos: ad sacra venite:
Defunctos ploro: pestem fugo: festa decoro:
Laudo Deum verum: plebem voco: congrego clerum:
Sanctos collaudo: tonitrua fugo: flamina claudo:
Funera plango: fulgura frango: Sabbata pango:
Excito lentos: dissipo ventos: paco cruentos.

I have nowhere seen the whole of these lines turned into English verse to correspond, as doubtless they might be, were it worth the trouble. But I give an attempt in this direction by Richard Warner, quoted in Brand, in regard to two of them. The chief Bell is again supposed to speak :

> "Men's death I tell By doleful knell :
> Lightning and Thunder I break asunder :
> On Sabbath, all To Church I call :
> The sleepy head I raise from bed.
> The winds so fierce I do disperse :
> Men's cruel rage I do assuage."

But a plain prose translation of my own I will add, for the sake of the uninitiated : omitting the clauses of which I have spoken as now obsolete. We shall see that our chimes and peals at this day say much the same as they did to our forefathers.

Once more the chief Bell speaks :

"Lo ! I the church-bell send down no empty spell [message] (the rhyme is accidental) : my voice is a vital voice : I bid you come to the sacred rites : I wail the dead : I add grace to festivals : I sound to the praise of the true God. I summon the laity. I gather the clergy. I sound out the lauds of all the holy ones. I toll to the funeral. I mark the days of rest. I rouse the sluggish. I calm the sanguinary."

To the extent here indicated are we not all content to have our bells gifted with speech, and possessed of meaning in their music ? Are we not all ready to have them mark our Sabbaths, to render cheerful our holy days and festive seasons : to summon our pastors and those who work with them, to their weekly or daily gatherings, and to their annual conjoint assemblies ? Would we not have them, so far as they may, rouse the lukewarm, and soothe the contentious ? Would we not have them lend a decent solemnity to the obsequies of the dead, and give expression to the community's fellow-feeling when one of its number suffers bereavement ?

These uses of the bell are such as the common sense of mankind will pronounce apt and legitimate ; and for purposes such as these the bell will doubtless continue to be employed in the years that are to come. We thus accept the bell simply as an implement of convenience. We lay no stress upon it. We have learned well to draw the line between its abuse and its use. In

this case, as in so many others in these days, we have come back to the first use. It was simply in the ways just described that bells in the first instance were employed in Christian churches. The superstitions that gathered around them, as about other things, in the lapse of time, were all after-thoughts. But while regarding the bell as a thing indifferent, I think every one will allow that when rung in connection with divine service or solemn gatherings for any purpose, it should be rung, both when hanging alone and when associated with a peal, with due submission to a canon above dispute in every church: "Let all things be done with an eye to seemliness, and in accordance with authorized rule."

I am so far superstitious, however, as to entertain the notion that the application of the bell to purposes connected with religion imparts a quantum of sacredness to it, in its secular relations, somewhat as the wave-sheaf had a consecrating effect, by representation, on all the sheaves of the harvest-field. To what serious uses is the secular bell now put! It summons the men, the women, the children of a community, to and from their several avocations every day—in the warehouse, in the factory, in the foundry, in the school. It renders service of incalculable importance, through the intervention of electricity, in the case of fire It gives signals, preservative of life and limb and property, in locomotion by steam, on land and water, and in the conduct of navigation in our harbours, and along our rivers and canals.

The use of one and the same instrument, viz., the bell, for serious practical purposes, in the two departments of religion and ordinary life, tends, I say, to beget, in my own mind at least, the abiding thought, that all the activities of man might and ought, in some intelligible sense, to be consecrated to the great God who has endowed man with all the power which he possesses to put forth those activities. I aim to encourage this thought, which I know, as a matter of fact, exists, and is fruitful, in not a few. And thus it is that what the Christian poet says proves true:

> "There are in the loud stunning tide
> Of human care and crime,
> [Those] with whom the melodies abide
> Of the everlasting chime,—
> Who carry music in their heart
> Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,

Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat."

As a conclusion to my remarks on "English Chimes in Canada," I transcribe a passage which will immediately be recognised as taken from Tennyson's fine and profound series of musings entitled "In Memoriam." The words which I shall read were in the first instance suggested to the poet by the sound of a peal heard, near midnight, ringing the old year out and the new year in. These lines have become classic in the English language; and they occur to me now as a not inapt embodiment of aspirations, which may possibly arise in the hearts of many amongst us whenever they hear in our young country the chiming of bells: a luxury which, though still novel to our ears now, will probably henceforward be a thing of use and wont in our midst.

We are drawing near the close of the nineteenth century. If within the compass of a lifetime our eyes have seen such advances as those of which I spoke at the beginning of this address, made on this continent under conditions in many respects adverse, what may not be the scenes of beauty, physical and moral, over which our descendants may be summoned to rejoice, as they draw equally near the close of the twentieth century, under conditions every way more favourable!

The poet whose words I am about to cite wrote in the motherland, and his utterances have their primary application there. He glances at ills having existence there; but ills which are all, by wise legislation and enlightened social effort, in process of being removed out of the way, and replaced, each by its opposite good. So far as the ills alluded to have been transported hither, or to any other region of our continent, as in a degree they inevitably have been, there is no one, I think, amongst us who will refuse his Amen! to each of the poet's aspirations when he hears them, or whenever hereafter they may be suggested to him by the chiming of bells or otherwise. The ills spoken of cannot have become inveterate with us. Plastic for good as well as evil, a young society like ours may all the more easily throw them off, and, under the Divine guidance, mould itself to the desired shape and condition.

Tennyson, as we shall observe, speaks of ringing out the old and ringing in the new; not, of course, the old as such, nor the

new as such. It would ill become us who are among the first-born, as it were, of a nation and people having their root in a far, wonderful and glorious past—it would ill become Christian men and Christian women, anywhere, of whatever name, who appeal for justification of themselves, in a thousand points, to precedents and records of transcendent antiquity, to exclaim against the old in the abstract, or to clamour for the new in the abstract. But, as explained immediately, by "old" the poet means the false, which has become invested with the prescription of age; and by "new" he means the true, which, from having been long disguised, overlaid, and hidden, unhappily seems an innovation, and strange when restored And when, after glancing at the ills which he bemoans, and at the boons and blessings for which he yearns—after invoking light wherever he sees darkness, he sums up all by a passionate cry for the Christ that is to be—he expresses thus, in one word, the anticipation which in the ages all along prophets and true poets have indulged, of a day in store for Christendom and the human race, when men and women, with a simplified faith and a more truthful conception of their relation to the Father of spirits and their fellow-creatures, will have grace and power to lead lives calmer, happier, worthier, and more fruitful than the most of their ancestors in preceding years were apparently able to do.

The passage of the "In Memoriam" to which I refer reads thus:

> Ring out the old, ring in the new, * *
> Ring out the false, ring in the true.
> * * * * *
>
> Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
> Ring in redress to all mankind.
>
> Ring out a slowly-dying cause
> And ancient forms of party strife;
> Ring in the nobler modes of life,
> With sweeter manners, purer laws.
>
> Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
> The faithless coldness of the times;
> Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes,
> But ring the fuller minstrel in.
>
> Ring out false pride in place and blood,
> The civic slander and the spite;
> Ring in the love of truth and right,
> Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the CHRIST that is to be.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

INGERSOLLISM.

Some persons have very extraordinary notions of what liberty of speech or liberty of the press really means. If they have a hobby which they wish to ride, they claim the right to prance and caracole in the private domain of their neighbours, and bitterly denounce all who dare to dispute their claim. Such seems to be the notion of Colonel Robert Ingersoll and his aiders and abettors in his propagandism of infidelity. Our streets were placarded with "screamers," complaining that the press was "gagged," because the proprietors of our leading papers refused to prostitute their pages by advertising his infidel lectures. Have newspaper men no rights in the case? Are they compelled to be the panders to whatever iniquity chooses to come along? Must they furnish type, paper, machinery, and facilities for distribution for all who may demand them, irrespective of their own convictions of what they should publish? By liberty of the press we understand that any man may himself, or through any agent that chooses to consent, print or publish anything not contrary to public decency. And that liberty Colonel Ingersoll fully possesses, as his published books, and even the "screamers" on the walls of Toronto, amply prove. But to complain because any one declines to become his pander and touting agent is the veriest nonsense.

This liberty, which, under the law of the land, he is guaranteed, much as we abbor his teachings, we deem it would be unwise to deny him. Truth has nothing to fear, but everything to gain, from its conflict with error. Two hundred years ago and more, in his splendid treatise on the Liberty of the Press, Milton thus wrote : "Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength Let her and Falsehood grapple ; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?" All the assaults upon Christianity have but proved her invincible and invulnerable armour. Having withstood the attacks of Porphyry and Celsus, of Hobbes and Hume, of Voltaire and Diderot, it is not likely to succumb before the shallow carpings of Colonel "Bob" Ingersoll. The man is evidently a vulgar charlatan, who trades upon his blasphemies—his only stock-in-trade—for money.

For your thoughtful, honest doubter, one can have some sympathy or even respect ; but for the blatant Yahoo who "hurls up the scorn of his beggarly nature" in the face of his Maker, it is impossible for any right-minded person to feel other than disgust and contempt. But

why should even the honest skeptic seek to destroy the religious consolations which have sustained millions of minds amid the cares and sorrows of life, and in the shadows and agonies of death, if he has only cold and barren negations to offer instead of these cheering and sanctifying beliefs? And if they warn us not to accept the testimony of multitudes of the best and greatest of the race; and of those nearest and dearest to our hearts who have died in the faith, and committed it as a precious legacy to us, on what ground shall we receive *their* soul-benumbing doctrine, or rather no-doctrine, of unbelief? But the best cure for skepticism is to apply the test which our Lord Himself enjoins: "If any man will do His will, he shall *know* of the doctrine whether it be of God." Let him "taste and see that the Lord is good," and it will be thenceforth a matter of personal consciousness which he can no more doubt than he can doubt his own existence.

The English Elections.

The sphere of party politics is one from which this Magazine is excluded. We cannot, however, omit a passing reference to such an important event as the defeat of Lord Beaconsfield's Government in the recent elections. To its party aspects we shall not refer, but simply note what seems to us the striking illustration it furnishes of the admirable working of the principles of representative institutions and responsible government, as secured under the British Constitution. In Spain or Russia, or even in Austria or Germany, such a change of public policy, such a political revolution as has taken place in Great Britain, could scarcely be attained without a tremendous social convulsion, with probably the adjuncts of barricades, street fighting, and the dreadful concomitants of armed revolt or civil war, with which continental nations have been only too familiar.

The great safeguard of the British Government is its direct responsibility to the people. The ballot, not the bullet, is the true arbiter of the destinies of the nation. The free speech, free press, and free vote of the people, are the safety-valves of public feeling and public opinion. The rigid repression by the iron hand of authority, as in Russia and Germany, only increases the danger of the pent-up elements of discontent—the Nihilism and Socialism which seethe beneath the surface of society; and it increases also the violence of the explosion which is sure to follow such long-continued repression, as is seen in the frequent outbreaks of revolution whereby France has been convulsed. The eager discussion, on the platform and by the press, of the great questions of public policy which have agitated the nation, notwithstanding the virulence and violence with which they are often accompanied, are, in the main, an intellectual, political, and moral education of inestimable value. By such discussion are men nourished in freedom, love of country, political sagacity, and independence of thought; and such a constituency of free voters can neither be oppressed by power nor cajoled by fraudful arts. They furnish the best guarantee of national greatness—a free people, self-governed by laws which they themselves approve.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

Methodist Missions.

New Methodist colleges for the education of the sons of the middle-class friends of the denomination have just been opened at Truro and at Salisbury, England, with good promise of success. It is intended to open other colleges in several parts of the country.

The islands of New Guinea and New Britain, which are inhabited by cannibals of the negro type, have but recently received Christian missionaries. The Wesleyans established a mission in New Britain a few years ago, under the superintendence of the Rev. George Brown. A remarkable fact in connection with this mission was that the teachers who accompanied Mr. Brown were natives of Fiji and the Friendly Islands, and were themselves the immediate descendants of various cannibals. They knew the desperate character of the people to whom they were to go; but they cheerfully undertook the mission, and several of them were actually killed and eaten, and yet the mission has not been broken up, but is prospering.

Dr. Punshon, in a recent address, said: "You cannot find any system of ancient philosophy or ancient religion, modern philosophy or modern religion, apart from Christianity, which has shown any weakness for universality. Nor can you find in the world's history a national exchange of one superstition for another. 'Hath a nation changed its gods which are yet no gods?' That was the appeal of the prophet of old, and an echo is the only answer. Take that Turk and try and make a Chinaman of him; you cannot do it. Take the Chinaman and try to imbue him with Mohammedan thought; you can not do it. But you could make them both Christians. You may get a Turk to bow and the Chinaman to bow before the same consecrated cross, and you can constrain their acknowledgment of the power of the gospel that uplifts the most degraded and subdues the proudest. The gospel that has saved me is a gospel, not for a man, not for a family, not for a continent, but for a world."

The Rev. K. Creighton, of Rama, has had a delightful work of grace among his Indian flock. He and his devoted wife, in addition to regular missionary work, have established Bible Classes and a Good Templars' Lodge, from which gratifying results have followed.

The Rev. E. Robson has been very cordially received by his old friends at New Westminster. He has sent a charming letter to the Mission Rooms, detailing his journey and reception.

The Rev. T. Charbonnel has sent a long letter detailing a tour which he had lately made in the eastern portion of the Province of Quebec. We regret that we have not space to furnish details, but our readers will be glad to learn that he found many persons whose confidence in the Romish Church is much shaken, and who are inquiring their way to the truth as it is in Jesus. He has witnessed some happy deaths, and rejoices to know that though the work among the French Romanists is slow, there is abundant cause to thank God and take courage.

It is gratifying to learn that many parts of our Church are enjoying showers of blessing as the result of special efforts—in some instances extending over several weeks.

A missionary in one of the Maritime Conferences recently made a tour of fifteen days among the lumber

camps on the Cross Creek, Taxes, and great Sou'-West branch of the Miramichi river, during which he visited twenty camps, preached every evening, and four times on each Sabbath. He witnessed much profanity and wickedness, but in every instance he was treated with marked respect and kindness. With a few exceptions, the men listened attentively to the message of salvation, and were especially glad to receive papers and tracts.

The African Methodist Episcopal Church.

This Church was organized in 1816, but now numbers 300,000, and has a college, a publishing department, six bishops, higher seminaries, and graded schools.

Bishop Moore, one of the bishops of this Church—himself a coloured man, and born in slavery—is in England, raising a fund to assist freedmen in the Southern States to emigrate to other States.

Coloured men edit six newspapers in North Carolina, three in Louisiana, two in Tennessee, and the same number in Texas, and in Virginia, Alabama and Mississippi one each. This shows progress since the abolition of slavery. A coloured man in Louisville, Ky., recently purchased, at an expense of $4,880, a brick church and parsonage, and gave them to a Presbyterian congregation.

Woman's Mission Work.

The Woman's Board, organized in 1870, to co-operate with the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, raised $7,000 the first year, and last year $136,000, being nearly one-third the entire income of the Foreign Board.

There are one hundred and sixty-nine congregational Women's Missionary Societies in the United Presbyterian Church, which raised last year the sum of $12,892.

Under the auspices of the "Indian Female Instruction Society," nine ladies have recently gone to India as Zenana missionaries.

Miss Fielde, a missionary under the Baptist Board, at Swatow, China, has about twenty Bible-women whom she has taught, and sends out, two by two, into hundreds of heathen villages. Five years ago most of these women were ignorant, superstitious heathen. To-day they are earnest, intelligent Bible-women. These women receive each two dollars a month, which is barely sufficient to buy their rice and clothing. The money necessary for their support comes from Christian women in America.

The Methodist Protestant Church has sent a female missionary to Japan.

The Presbyterian Board of Home Missions has commissioned ten missionary teachers for women in Utah, two for Alaska, and six in New Mexico.

The *Bombay Guardian* says that there are now 116 lady missionaries in India, not including missionaries' wives.

Miss Charlotte M. Tucker ("A.L.O.E."), who is now a volunteer missionary in India, in requesting help, writes: "It has occurred to me that many true servants of God are not sufficiently ingenious in finding out ways to increase their means of giving. When in Israel's tabernacle brass was required for a laver, the women gave their metal mirrors! What a sacrifice of vanity was there! A Mohammedan woman here has lately devoted the jewels which adorned her head, one hundred and twenty rupees in value, to swell the subscription for Turkey. Is there not here an example for us? Many a Christian lady could sacrifice the gold chain and the jewelled ring, and so realize the delight of laying her gems at the feet of the Lord."

We trust the Christian women of the Methodist Church of Canada will shortly have an Auxiliary Missionary Association of their own. Much consecrated energy might thus be employed in the service of the Master.

The Salvation Army.

This "Army" was organized in 1865, by Rev. William Booth, Methodist New Connexion Minister, Eng-

land. The object contemplated was to reach with the gospel message the masses in the cities and towns of England who attend no place of worship. London is the head-quarters. Mr. Booth is the commander-in-chief, and under him are several subordinate officers, comprising both men and women, who are arrayed in the plainest apparel, but all wear badges with the words "Army of Salvation" inscribed thereon. Those who join the army are expected to labour earnestly for the salvation of souls. Conferences and meetings for business are called "Councils of War," and entrances to new places are designated "Invasions"; in short, everything is done in military style.

From the most recent accounts, it appears that the "army" now embraces 125 corps, directed by 195 officers. Meetings are held every week in 188 theatres, dance halls, warehouses, &c., in London, and the aggregate number of these meetings annually is 45,000. It is estimated that at least 60,000 persons attend the meetings each week, and 74,000 the Sunday night services, while the weekly attendance at the open-air meetings is estimated at two millions. Unparalleled zeal and earnestness characterize all the efforts of the army. No new "invasion" is commenced without much earnest prayer, and recently 5,000 of the company spent a whole night in earnest prayer for the Divine blessing.

The army is commended by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Earl of Shaftesbury, several Mayors and Chiefs of Police, besides a great number of clergy of all denominations. Last year more than $80,000 were voluntarily contributed as the sinews of war. Recently, a division, comprising seven female captains, headed by Mr. G. S. Railton, brother of Rev. L. Railton, Wesleyan Minister, landed in New York, and are now labouring in the low parts of the city. Another band had been labouring some time in Philadelphia with great success. Whatever opinions may be held respecting the movements of the Salvation Army, all our readers will join the writer in prayer that great conquests may be won in the domains of Satan. The latest departure is the establishment of a Training-Home for the young women evangelists. These are nearly one hundred in number; and it is intended to teach them the rudiments of plain English, plain Bible truth, and womanly and home duties, in which most of them, from their former lives, are sadly deficient.

Recent Deaths.

Hon. Judge Marshall, for many years a most active worker in the cause of temperance, has just closed his career. He had attained to a great age, and died at his home in Halifax, Nova Scotia. He was an earnest, devoted Christian.

The numerous friends of the Rev. Thomas Derrick will regret to hear of his sudden death, under specially pathetic circumstances, in California. After twelve years' faithful missionary toil in British Columbia, he was returning, in broken health, to Montreal, from San Francisco, in company with the Rev. Dr. Guard, well known in Canada, and his family, who were returning to the Atlantic States. In five hours after starting, he suddenly sank, and expired on the cars. A son of Dr. Guard kindly returned with the body to Sacramento, where it was taken in charge by the Rev. R. Bentley, the resident Methodist minister, and buried in the Conference cemetery-plot, between the graves of two missionaries of the M. E. Church. Only three days before his death, notwithstanding a distressing asthmatic affection, Brother Derrick had taken part in a religious service, and up to the measure of his strength and beyond it, he laboured to the last. His name and memory will long be beloved and revered in many parts of Old Canada, as well as by the miners of Cariboo and the settlers of the Pacific Coast.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Light of Asia, or the Great Renunciation; being the Life and Teaching of Gautama, Prince of India and founder of Buddhism (as told in verse by an Indian Buddhist). By Edwin Arnold, M.A. I. K Funk's Standard Series.

Anything that will throw light on the religious convictions of more than one-third of the human race demands our serious attention. This poem will make the teachings of Buddhism familiar to multitudes to whom the word has hitherto conveyed only the vaguest idea. Mr. Arnold has entered with much dramatic skill and sympathy into the thought and personality, as it were, of a pious Buddhist, and he has produced a poem of singular elevation of thought, felicity of diction, and vividness of conception and representation. This is the more remarkable, that the author lives the busy life of the Editor-in-chief of the London *Daily Telegraph*, and every day addresses in his vigorous leaders probably more readers than any man living.

The character of Gautama, the hero of the poem and the religious teacher of 470,000,000 souls, is, says a sympathetic critic, "the highest, gentlest, holiest and most beneficent, with one exception, in the history of thought." After twenty-four centuries, the religion which he established is, in its spirit and tendency, probably the purest and noblest non-Christian type the world has ever seen. In the spirit of the Divine Teacher, Gautama renounced name and fame, a throne and kingdom, love and reverence, and espoused pain and poverty and shame in order to heal the woes and sorrows of mankind. But the highest hope that Buddha offers is a Nirvana, a dreamless rest, an everlasting sleep, something that is neither life nor death, but absorption into deity, as a drop of rain is swallowed up in the sea.

The poem is full of incident and of beautiful description, of breathing thoughts and burning words. In this cheap edition it is within the reach of all, and we hope many of our readers will cull its beauties and learn its lessons for themselves. The strange-looking Sanskrit words have at first a forbidding look, but one soon becomes used to them, and they have often a very beautiful meaning. The author has lived in India, and with rare skill vividly presents to our minds its varied scenes and aspects —the sublime Himalayas, the spice gardens of Shiraz, the elephants and ivory palaces, and the many phases of oriental life; and gives a living interest to the events of four-and-twenty centuries ago.

The Memoirs of Madame de Remusat, 1802-1808. Edited by her grandson, Paul de Remusat. Parts I., II. and III. Franklin Square Library.

These memoirs of a lady-in-waiting to the Empress Josephine give an instructive inside view of the household of Napoleon during the brief and baneful period of the Empire. The tyrant of Europe was anything but a hero in his own household. His heartlessness, his utter selfishness, his domestic petty tyranny, are strikingly exhibited. Anything more dreary than the stiff and formal society of the Imperial Court, whether at the Tuileries, St. Cloud or Fontainebleau, it would be hard to conceive. There was no spontaneity, no ease, no freedom. A feeling of the ceaseless tyranny of a despot will, of constant espionage, prevailed. Napoleon was coarse and boorish in his manner and tastes. He knew himself hated by the old *noblesse*, and feared by the new nobility that he tried to create. He had a habit, at his receptions, of demanding the names of his guests, as his nearest approach to complaisance. On one occasion a certain M. Gretry, weary of the frequent iteration of this de-

mand, had the courage and wit to reply, "Gretry—toujours Gretry, Sire;" "Gretry, always Gretry, Sire." Napoleon's treatment of Josephine varied from maudlin affection to coldness, aversion, and frequent infidelity; and the sacrifice of his patient and loving wife at the shrine of his selfish ambition is of a piece with his cold-blooded cruelty in everything that appealed to his vanity or his egotism, whether it was breaking his wife's heart, or plunging a nation in misery and bloodshed. We turn from these pages feeling that we have had a near view of one of the most odious and despicable tyrants that ever desecrated God's footstool.

The Methodist Quarterly Review for April. New York: Phillips and Hunt.

The leading article of the current number is a stirring narrative by Dr. Abel Stevens of "The Glorious Return of the Vaudois," one of the grandest episodes in the heroic history of that people. Dr. Wentworth reviews recent exploration in Equatorial Africa, and Dr Hurst gives a graphic account of the recent meeting of the Evangelical Alliance at Basle. Dr. Buckley continues his able defence of the itinerancy, which seems to be somewhat imperilled at present. The holding of District Conferences, somewhat like our district meetings, is advocated by Rev. W. H. Kincaid; Dr. Payne combats the theory that education by the State should be purely secular. The world-wide spread of Methodism is illustrated by an essay on the Wesleyan Mission in New Zealand, by the editor of the *New Zealand Wesleyan*. Among the books reviewed is a German work on the Catacombs,—Die Romischen Katakomben. The learned editor pays us the compliment of saying that our book on the Catacombs is still a classic on the subject. All Bible students will be glad to learn that by the fifth volume, just issued, the veteran editor has completed his invaluable commentary on the New Testament—the very best of its class with which we are acquainted.

The London Quarterly Review. Wesleyan Conference, London.

There are several notable articles in the current number of this able Quarterly. Among these are a vigorous refutation of the materialistic views of the atheistic and agnostic skeptics of the day. A scientific article of much interest discusses the approaching parahelia of the larger planets. Dr. Rigg's able pamphlet on Religious Liberty in Europe, which led to a formal remonstrance with the Emperor of Austria, is made the text of a judicious article. Other articles are: Kafir Land and the Native Policy of the Cape Colony; Two Indian Missionaries, Dr. Duff and Dr. John Wilson; The Relations of Mind and Brain; M. Burger on the Bible in the Sixteenth Century; and Is Life worth Living? This last is one of the most eloquent essays we have read for many a day. It sets forth the full force of Schopenhauer's pessimistic theory, and attributes its revival to the modern scientific conception of nature, and to the fact that skepticism, in taking away the supernatural element out of morals, has taken away the prize of life; and to the rejection of the hope of immortality. If in this life only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable, and pessimism is the true philosophy. The assurance of immortality is the only torch which can illumine the darkness of humanity, and show us beyond the veil a compensation for the ills of time.

The Quarterly Review of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. April, 1880. Nashville, Tenn. pp. 192. Price $3 a year.

Under the editorial management of the Rev. Dr. Summers, this Quarterly makes a fresh start with new vigour. It is very handsomely gotten up. The articles are able and scholarly, and 50 pages of judicious book notices and 20 of notes and queries on topics of current interest give it a somewhat special character. Among the articles are, Memorials of Lovick Pierce and Nicholas Snethen, two veteran Methodist preach-

ers; Development of Monotheism among the Greeks (from the German), judicious reviews of Foster's "Beyond the Grave," Arnold's "Light of Asia," and Van Oosterzee's "Practical Theology;" an Examination of the Three Creeds—the Nicene, Athanasian, and the Apostle's; Conformity to Law in the Divine economy; and a conclusive argument against Terminism, or the doctrine that moral probation may end this side of the grave.

The Northern Tourist: an Illustrated Book of Summer Travel. By J. BONSALL. 8vo, pp. 100. J. Potter & Co, Philadelphia. In paper, 75 cents.

It greatly enhances the pleasure of summer travel to have some good guide book to the regions which we visit. Such a book Mr. Bonsall has prepared, as the result of extensive personal travel and wide collation of the experiences of others. He describes the favourite summer resorts of the Hudson, Lakes George and Champlain, Au Sable Chasm, Adirondacks, Niagara, the St. Lawrence, and Saguenay. He has gathered up the legends, poetry, and traditions of those places, which so enhance their interest. The engravings, which are numerous and very fine, are very pleasant souvenirs of travel. The Canadian subjects are very amply and ably treated.

The Bible and Its Study. 16mo, pp. 95. J. D. Wattles, Philadelphia. By mail 20c.

This is a reprint, in handy form, of a number of articles contributed to the *Sunday-School Times* by such eminent Biblical scholars as Drs. Schaff, Howard Crosby, Pressense, and Thompson; Profs. Phelps and Rawlinson, Bishop Ellicott and others. They attracted much attention at the time, and are well worth preserving in this neat form.

Transactions of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec — Sessions 1879-80. 8vo, pp. 130.

The current volume of the Transactions of this society contains three admirable papers: one by the President, J. M. LeMoine, Esq., on Glimpses of Quebec, 1749-59; The Cause and Commencement of the War of 1812, by J. Stevenson, Esq; and Alcott, the Concord Mystic, by Geo. Stewart, jun., Esq. This society is doing good service by fostering the study of Canadian history and the culture of literature in the ancient capital.

Saintly Workers. By FREDERIC W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S. 12mo., pp. 207. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.; and Methodist Book-Rooms. Price $1.25.

This charming volume consists of four Lenten lectures by the learned and eloquent Canon of Westminster. In hearty sympathy with his subject, and with full knowledge of its copious literature, he discourses of the martyrs of the heroic ages of the Church; of the hermits who fled from a dying world to save their own souls alive; of the monks who fostered an ideal of brotherhood and charity, of work and prayer in a rude and lawless age; of the early Franciscans, especially of him of Assissi, who espoused poverty and pain for the glory of God and the welfare of man; and of the noble Brotherhood of the Cross, from St. Columban to Livingstone, who through the ages have counted not their lives dear unto them for the testimony of Jesus. The book is written with all the customary eloquence and varied learning of the distinguished author, who in our judgment has no living superior in the art of using the matchless English tongue.

We have received from Phillips & Hunt, New York, a number of their recent minor issues. Among these are two valuable Prize Essays on Mental Culture Considered as a Christian's Duty, which we would like to see widely read; an able pamphlet by Dexter A. Hawkins, on the Roman Catholic Church in New York City, showing that it has obtained donations of city lots and public money to the amount of nine and a half millions, and is yearly drawing $700,000 from the public treasury. The New Tract Series contains a number of well-written and well-printed, concise and striking tracts on practical subjects.

JUDGMENT HYMN.

ARRANGED BY H. P. M.

1 The judg-ment day is com-ing, com-ing, com-ing,
The judg-ment day is com-ing, O that great day!
Chorus.
Let us take the wings of the morn-ing, And fly a-way to Je-sus;
Let us take the wings of the morn-ing, And sound the ju-bi-lee.

2 I heard the trumpet sounding, sounding, sounding,
I heard the trumpet sounding,
On that great day.—*Cho.*

3 I saw the Judge descending, descending, descending,
I saw the Judge descending,
On that great day.—*Cho.*

4 I saw the dead arising, arising, arising,
I saw the dead arising,
On that great day.—*Cho.*

5 I heard the thunder rolling, rolling, rolling,
I heard the thunder rolling,
On that great day.—*Cho.*

6 I saw the lightning blazing, blazing, blazing,
I saw the lightning blazing,
On that great day.—*Cho.*

7 I heard the wicked wailing, wailing, wailing,
I heard the wicked wailing,
On that great day.

Cho.—For they took not the wings of the morning,
Nor flew away to Jesus;
For they took not the wings of the morning,
Nor sang the jubilee.

8 I heard the righteous shouting, shouting, shouting,
I heard the righteous shouting,
On that great day.

Cho.—For they took the wings of the morning,
And flew away to Jesus;
For they took the wings of the morning,
And sang the jubilee.

DINING HALL OF CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE, OXFORD.